



NATIONAL

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.C.
8

AUGUST
No. 67

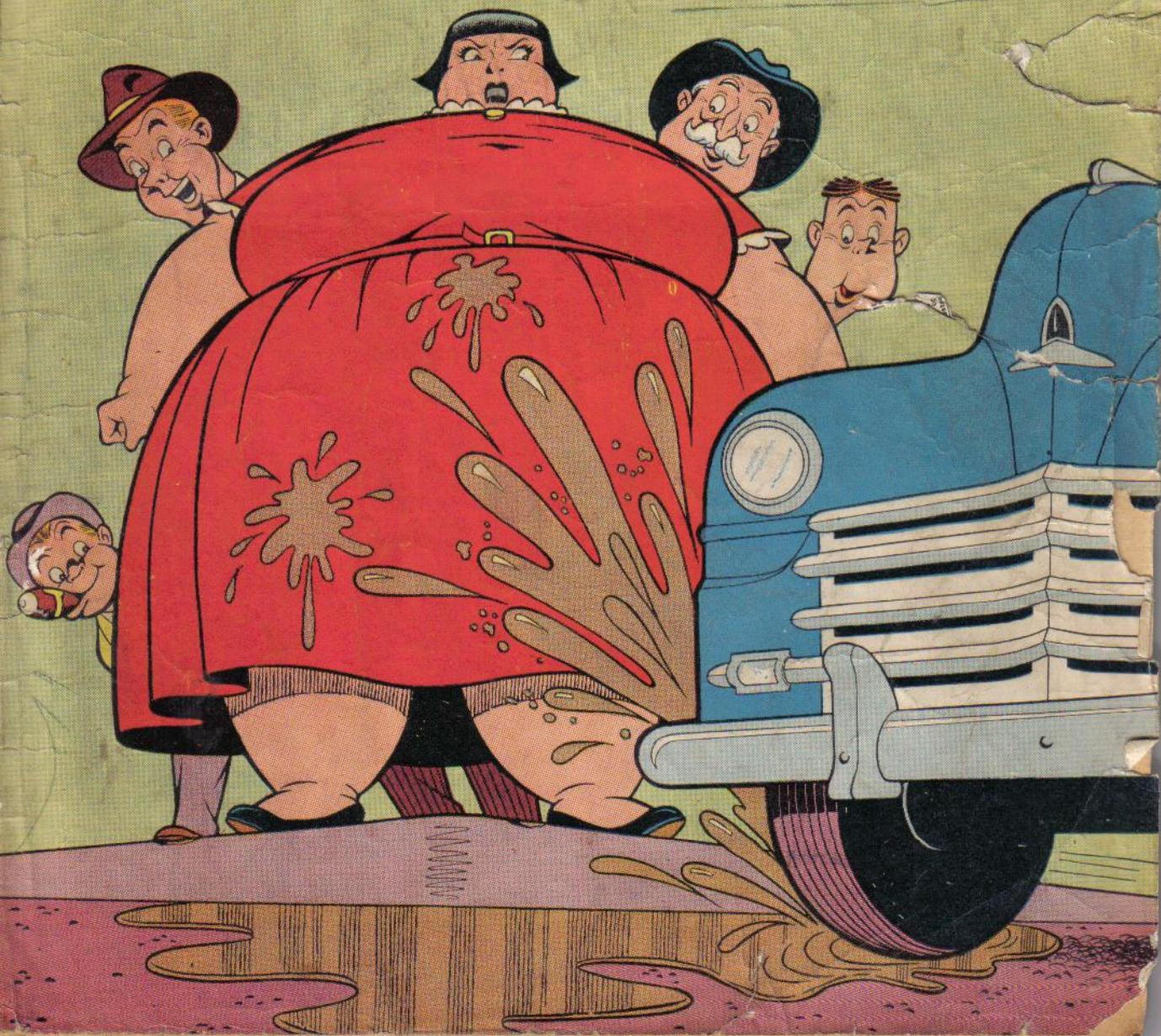
COMICS

10^c

The **BARKER**

debunks *THE CURSE* of
ALI BEN RIFF RAFF!

*I don't want 'er you can have
'er she's too fat for me.*





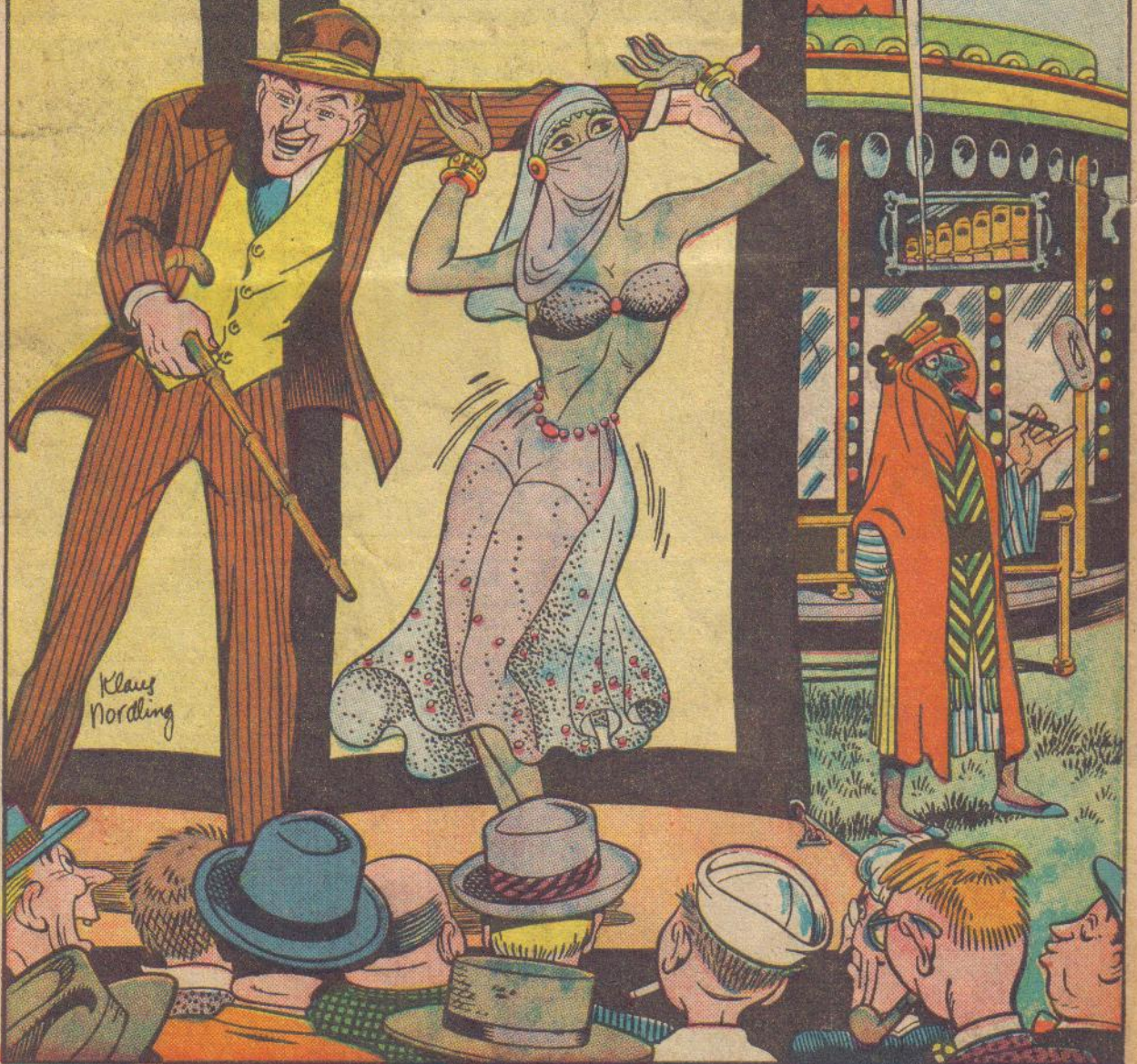
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

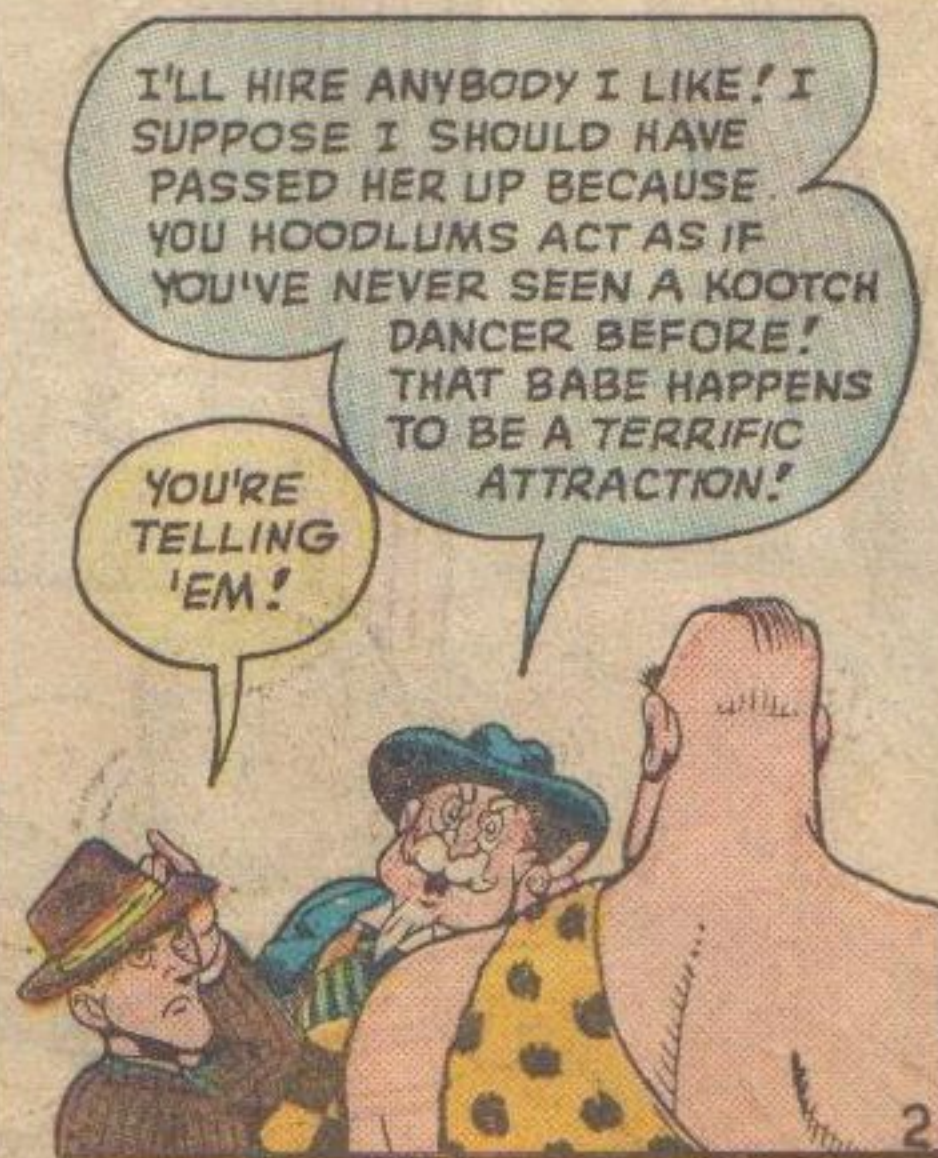
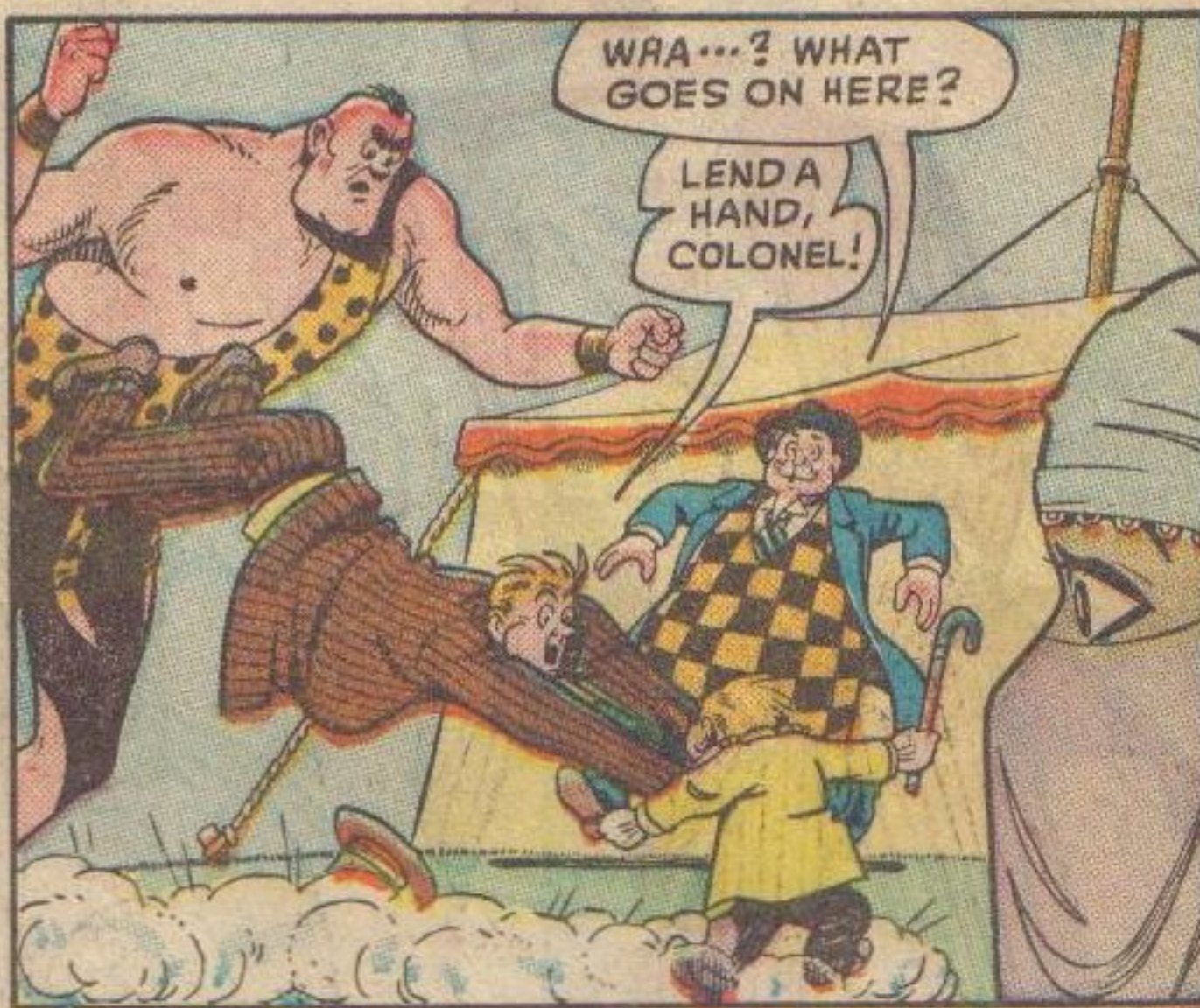
THE BARKER

SHE'S SALAMO...THE
MOST EXQUISITE DANCER
IN THE WORLD...DIRECT
FROM A SULTAN'S
HAREM!

BAN!
THEY MIGHT
AS WELL SHOW
A TRAINED
SEAL!

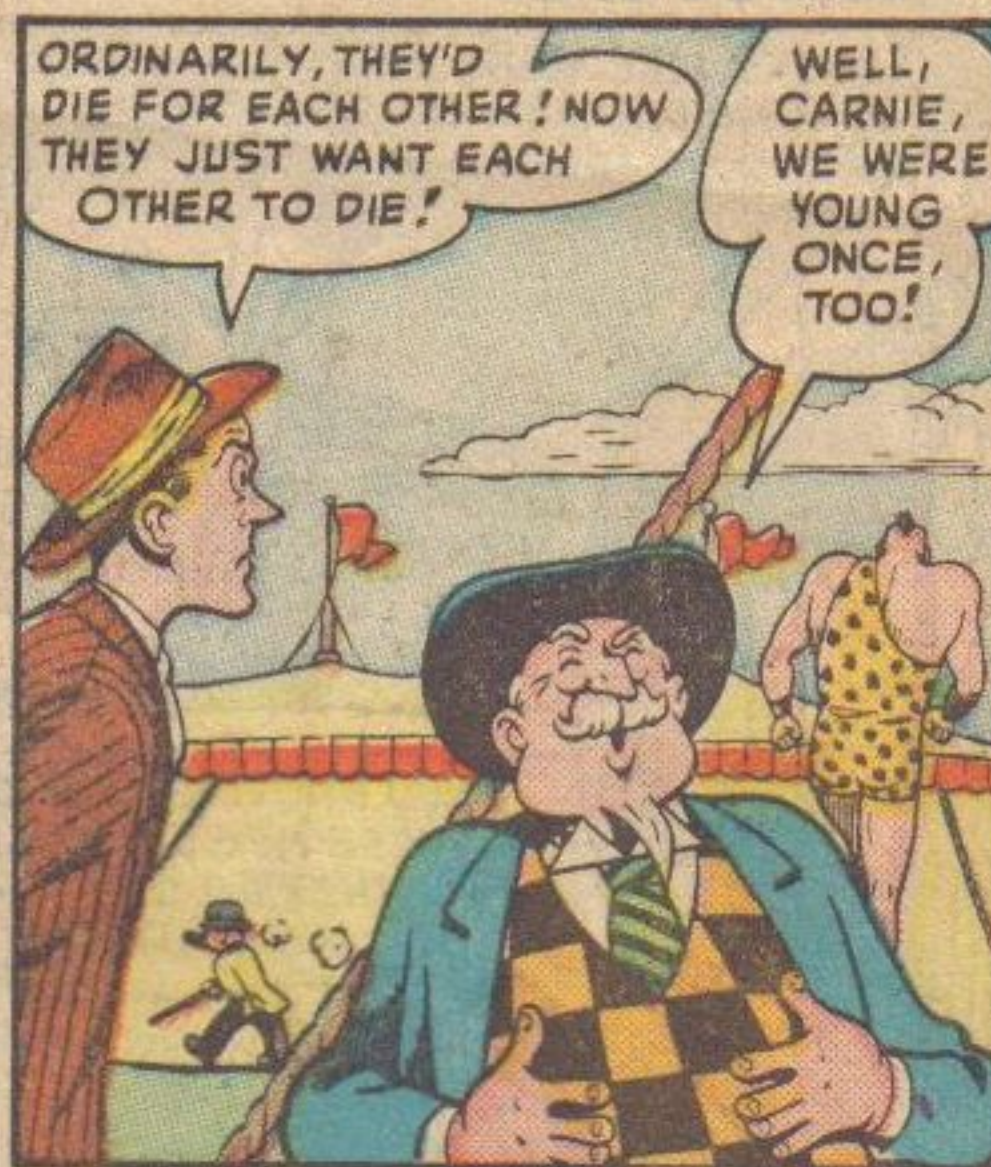
Klaus
Nordling







IT'S SHOW TIME! GET GOING, BOTH OF YOU... AND NO MORE TROUBLE!



ORDINARILY, THEY'D DIE FOR EACH OTHER! NOW THEY JUST WANT EACH OTHER TO DIE!

WELL, CARNIE, WE WERE YOUNG ONCE, TOO!



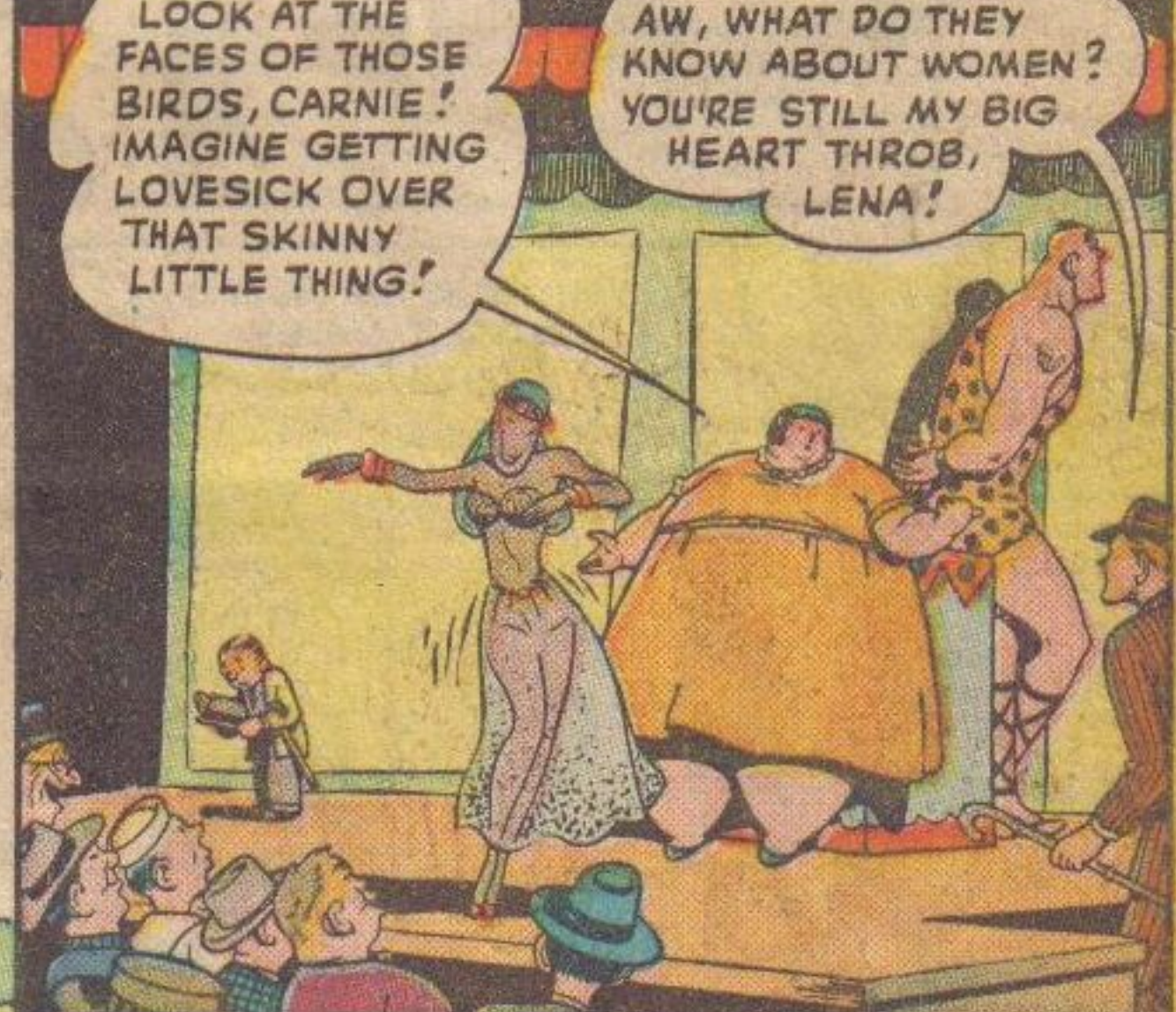
WHADDAYA MEAN WE?

AHEM... HARUMPH... THAT IS... WE'RE STILL QUITE YOUTHFUL BUT WE'VE ATTAINED THE AGE OF DISCRETION!



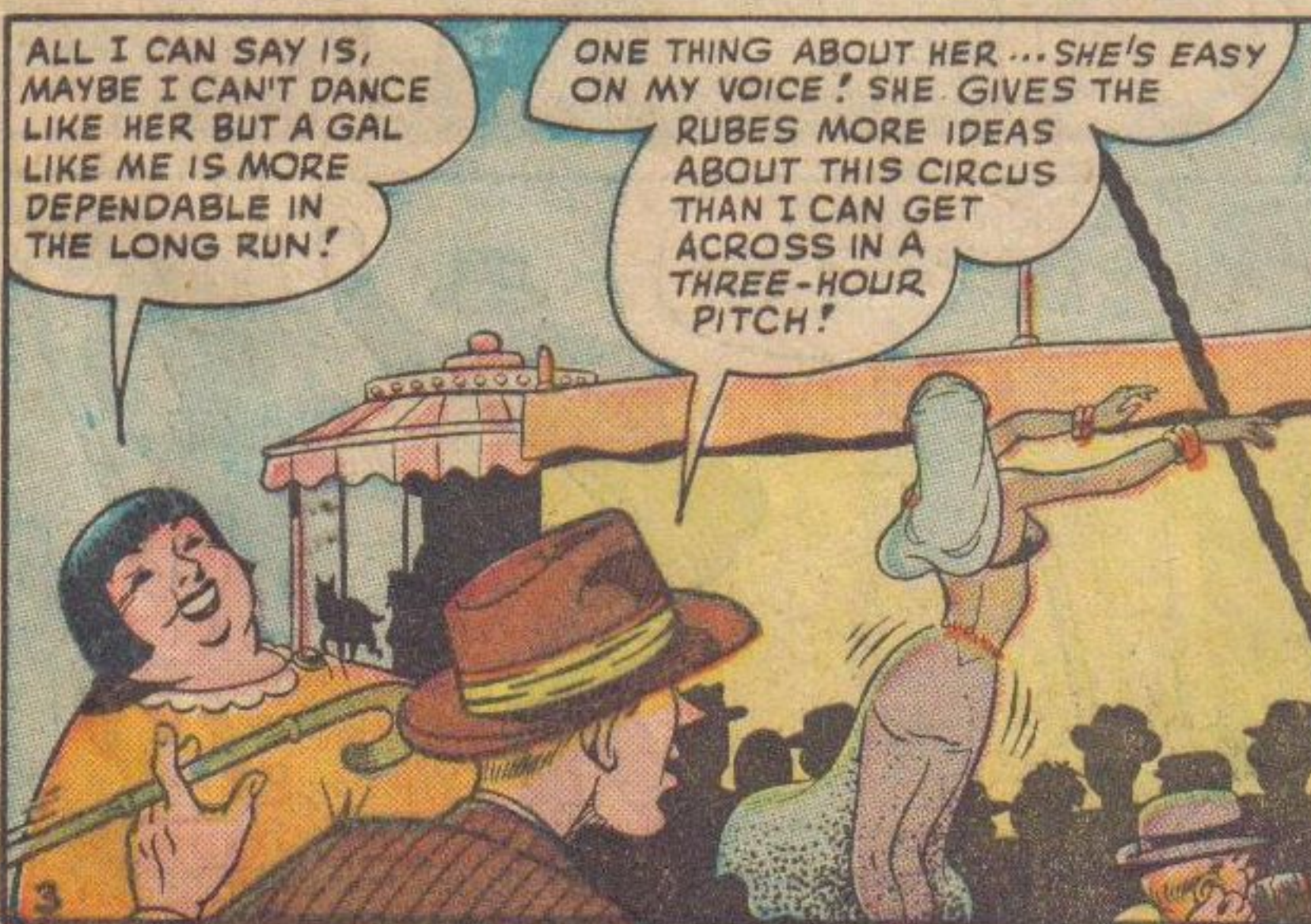
YOUNG ONCE! HOW D'YA LIKE THAT? JUST BECAUSE I DON'T GET ALL WOUND UP OVER SOME DOLL IN A PHONY HAREM RIG!

JEHOSHAPHAT! THE THINGS I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH IN THIS BUSINESS! BRAWLING! DISPLAYS OF TEMPERAMENT! SOMETIMES I THINK I CAN'T BEAR IT ANY LONGER!



LOOK AT THE FACES OF THOSE BIRDS, CARNIE! IMAGINE GETTING LOVESICK OVER THAT SKINNY LITTLE THING!

AW, WHAT DO THEY KNOW ABOUT WOMEN? YOU'RE STILL MY BIG HEART THROB, LENA!

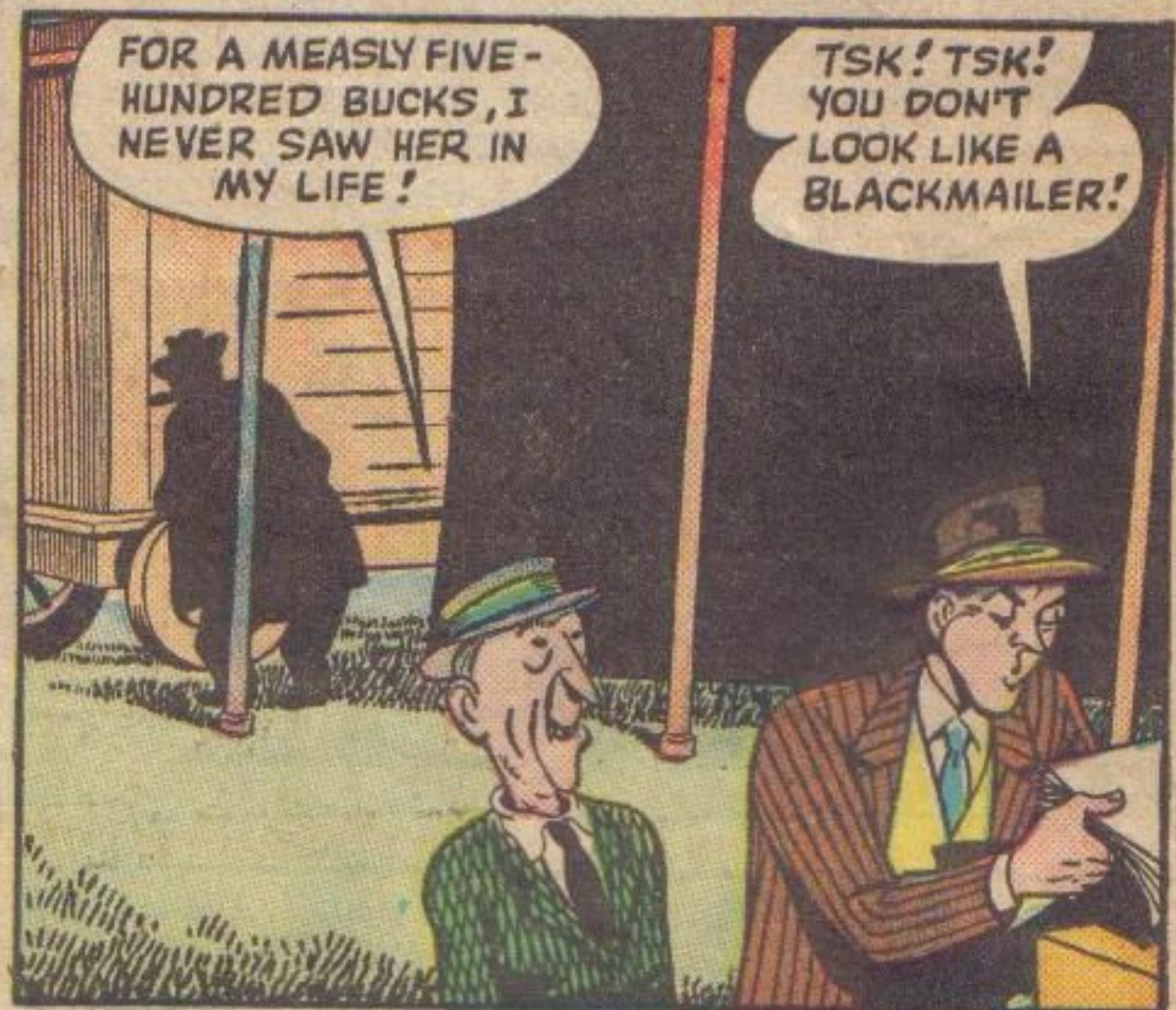


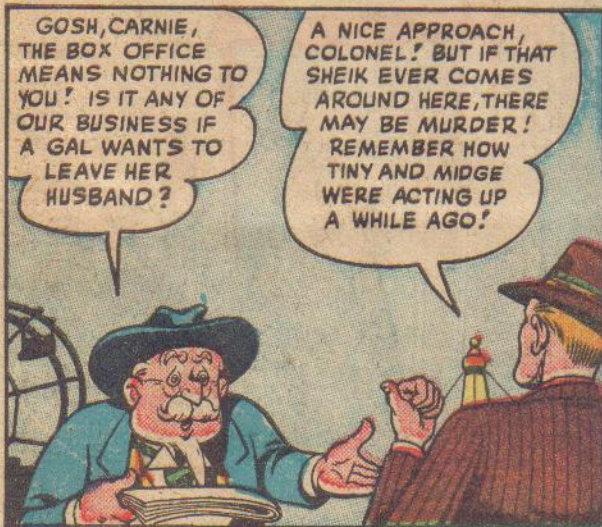
ALL I CAN SAY IS, MAYBE I CAN'T DANCE LIKE HER BUT A GAL LIKE ME IS MORE DEPENDABLE IN THE LONG RUN!

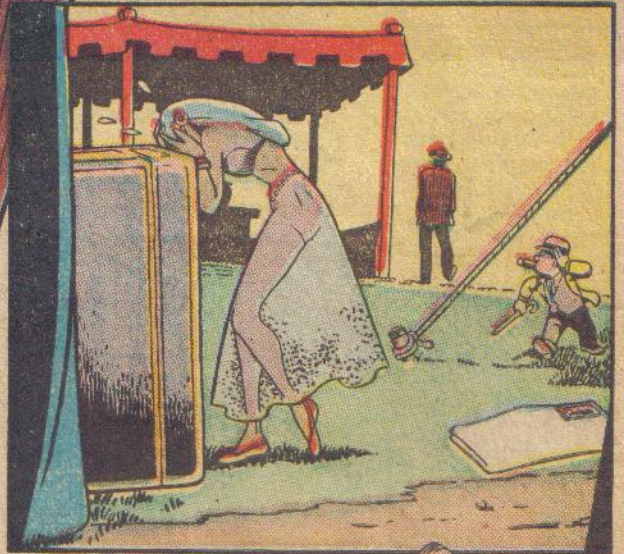
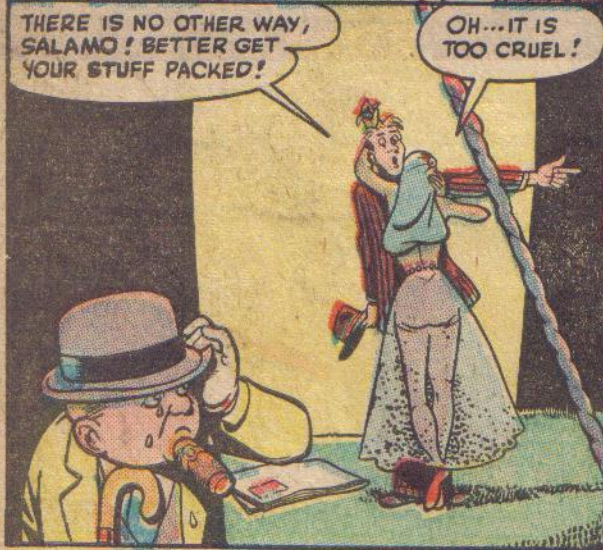
ONE THING ABOUT HER... SHE'S EASY ON MY VOICE! SHE GIVES THE RUBES MORE IDEAS ABOUT THIS CIRCUS THAN I CAN GET ACROSS IN A THREE-HOUR PITCH!

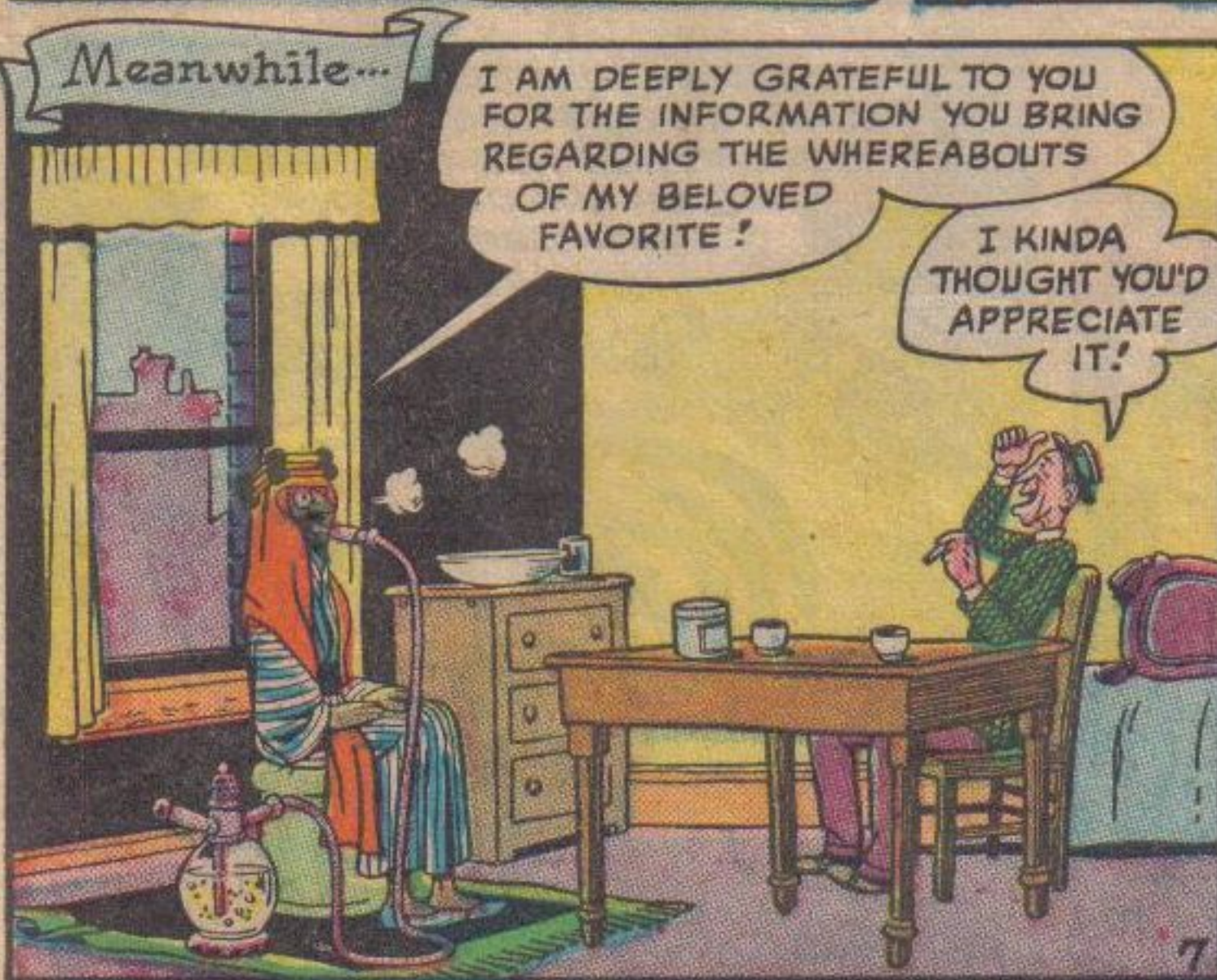
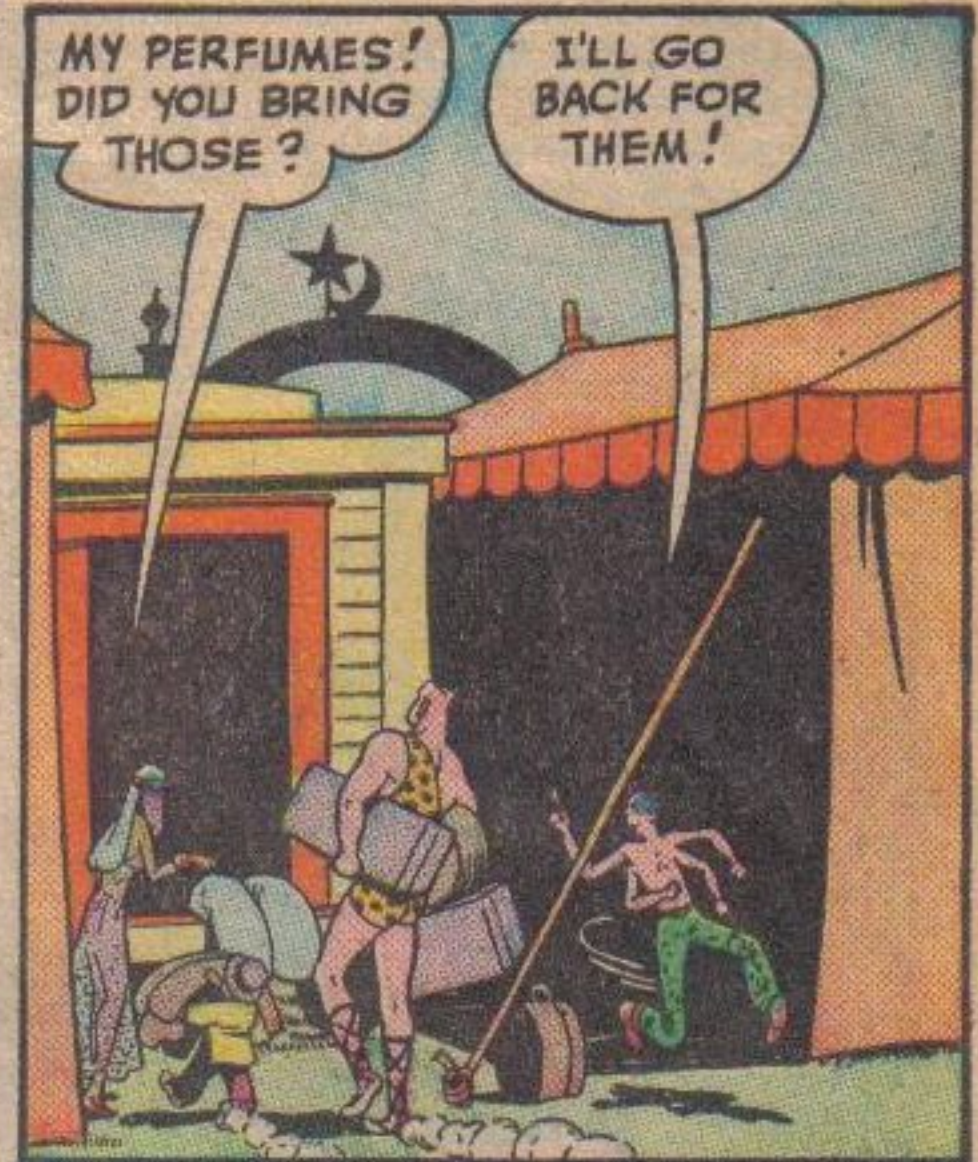
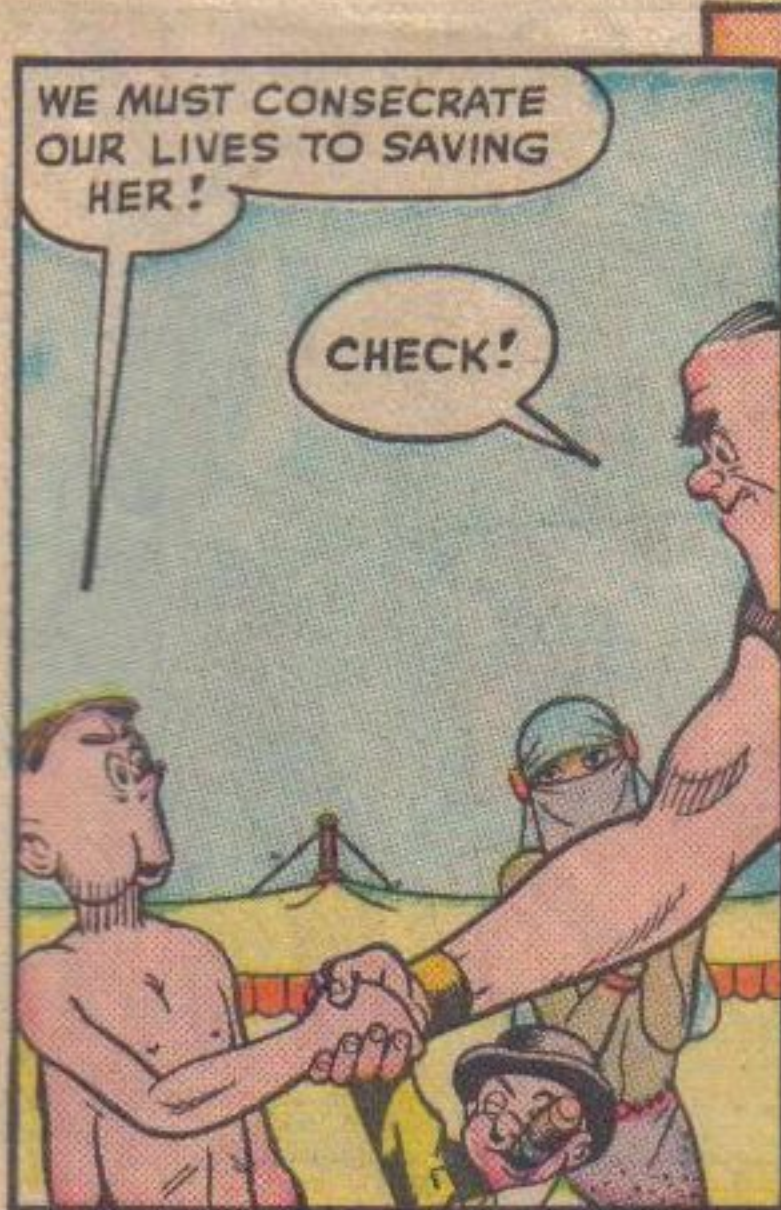


YEP! THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT!









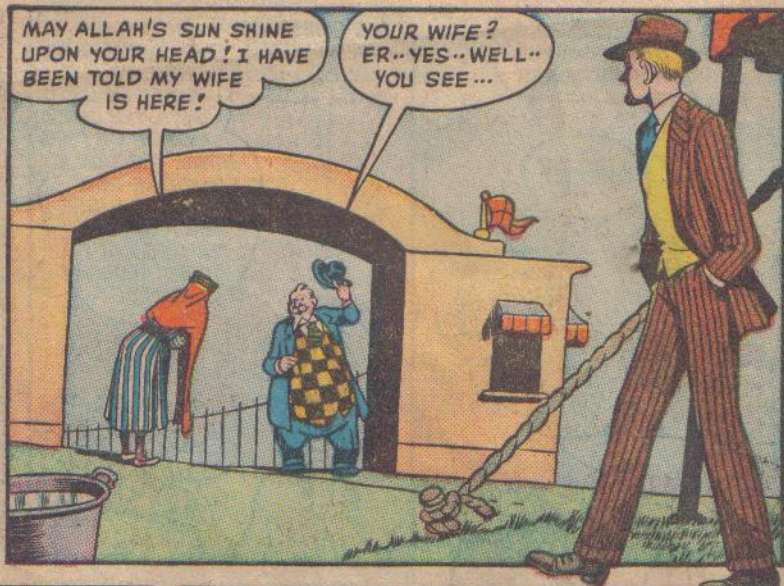
NATIONAL COMICS

TWO BITS! OF ALL THE CHEAPSKATES! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN LOOK FOR A JOB!



MAY ALLAH'S SUN SHINE UPON YOUR HEAD! I HAVE BEEN TOLD MY WIFE IS HERE!

YOUR WIFE? ER...YES...WELL... YOU SEE...



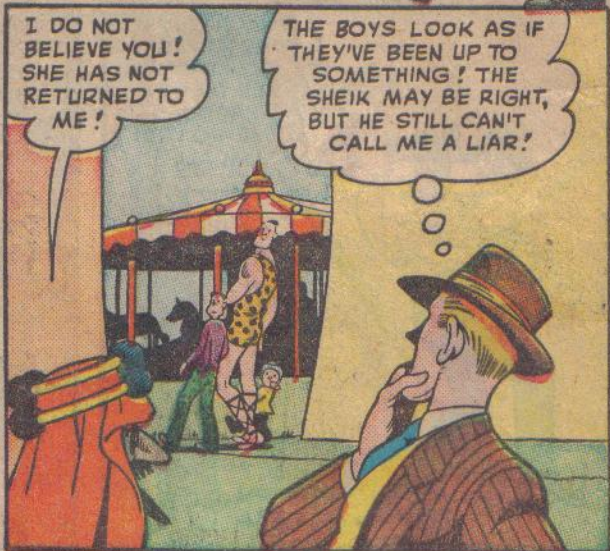
SHE ISN'T HERE ANY MORE, PAL! I SENT HER BACK TO YOU!

YOU DID? THAT WAS QUICK!



I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU! SHE HAS NOT RETURNED TO ME!

THE BOYS LOOK AS IF THEY'VE BEEN UP TO SOMETHING! THE SHEIK MAY BE RIGHT, BUT HE STILL CAN'T CALL ME A LIAR!



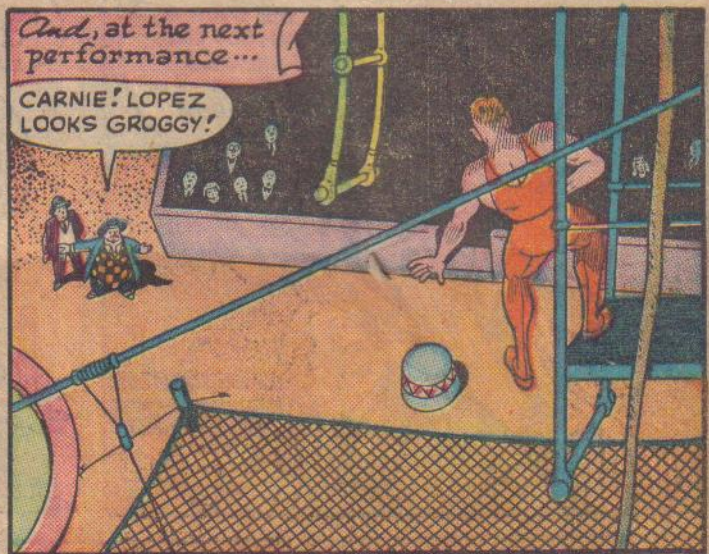
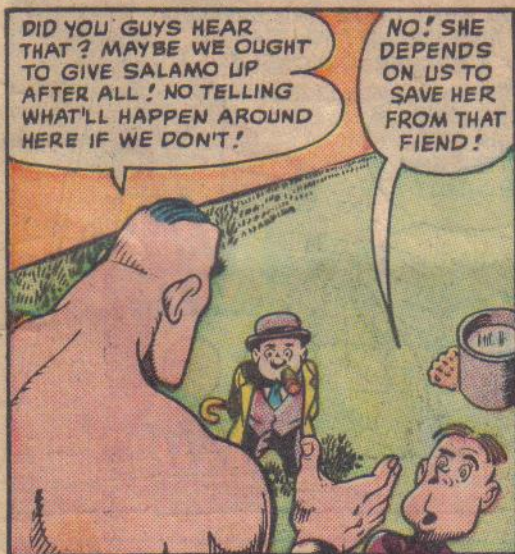
BEAT IT, CHUM, BEFORE I DECIDE TO SWAT YOU FOR CALLING ME A LIAR!

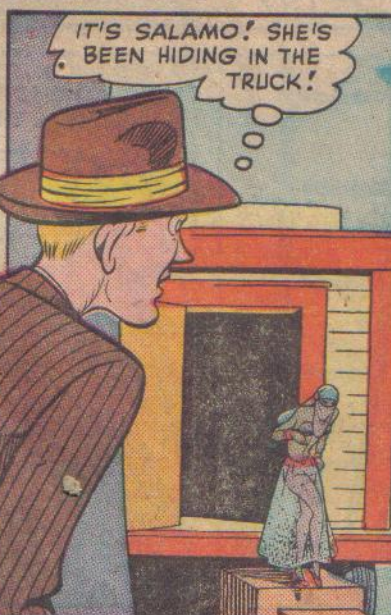
YOU WOULD DARE?

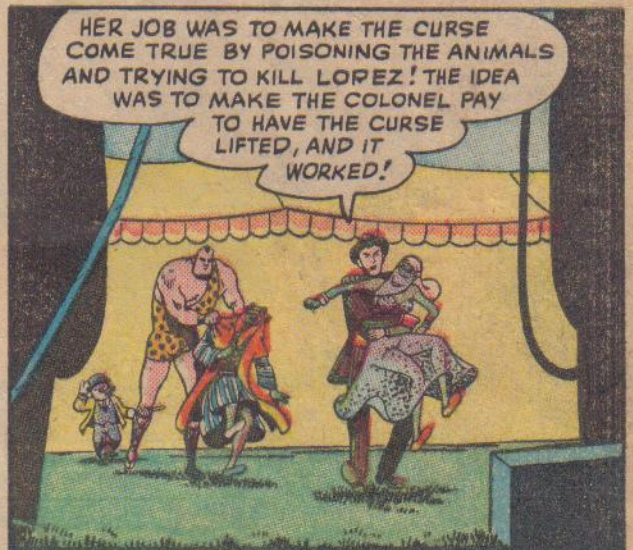
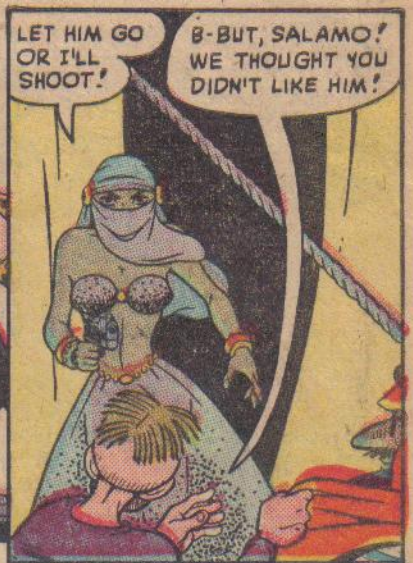


THE CURSE OF ALI BEN RIFF RAFF, THE SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON, UPON YOUR CIRCUS! MAY YOUR BEASTS SICKEN AND DIE, AND MAY DIRE CATASTROPHE BEFALL YOUR PEOPLE!









Salty Waters

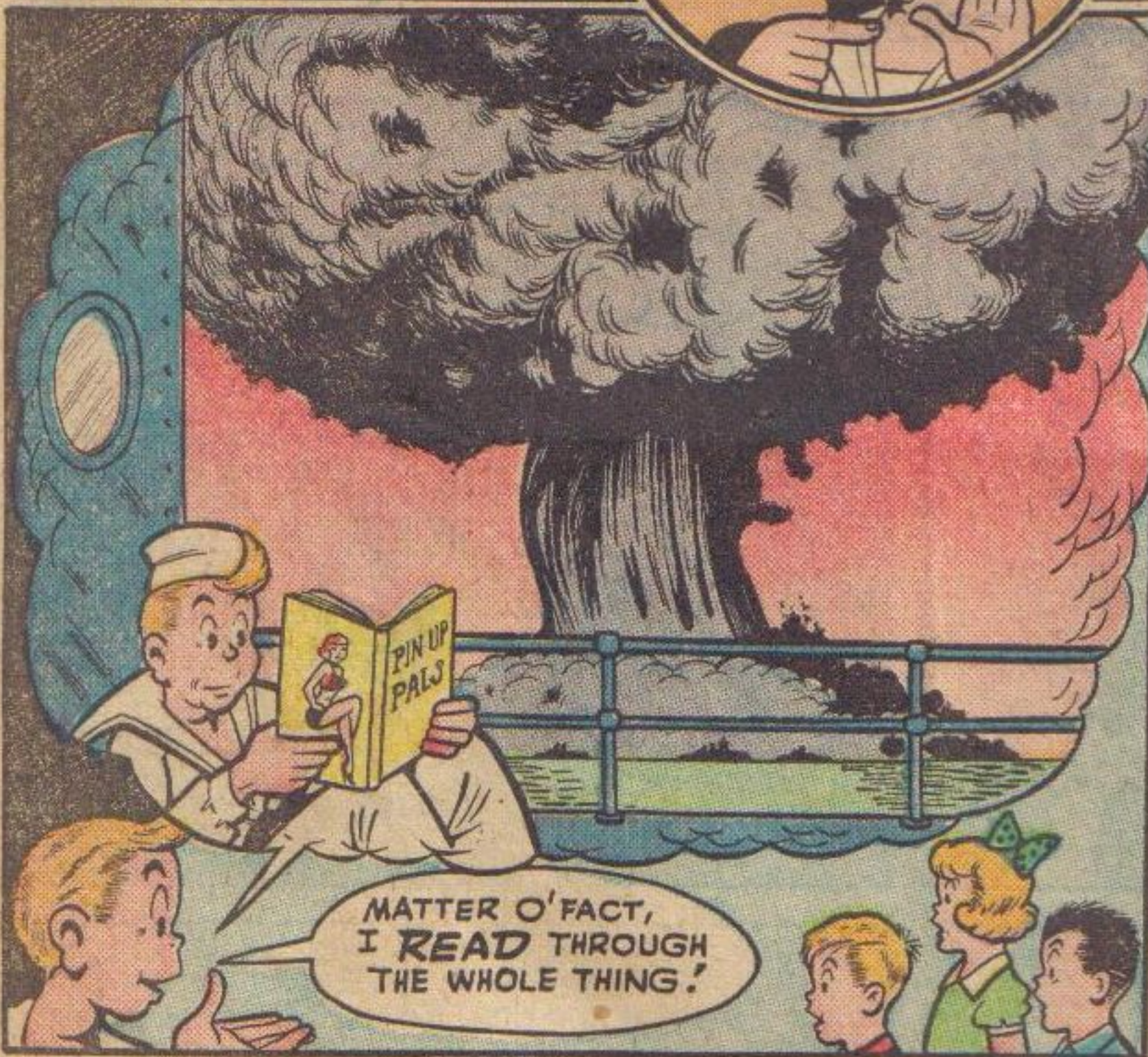
YOU WERE REALLY THERE WHEN IT WENT OFF, UNCLE SALTY?

WOW! WEREN'T YOU SCARED?

SHUX, NO!

WHAT'S AN ATOMIC BOMB TO AN OLD SALT LIKE ME?

THAT LAST BLAST AT BIKINI WAS A FAIR-TO-MIDDLIN' FIRE CRACKER, BUT THE DANGED THING INTERFERED WITH A POKER GAME WE HAD PLANNED!



MATTER O'FACT, I READ THROUGH THE WHOLE THING!

WOW! UNCLE SALTY.. YOU MUST HAVE NERVES OF IRON!

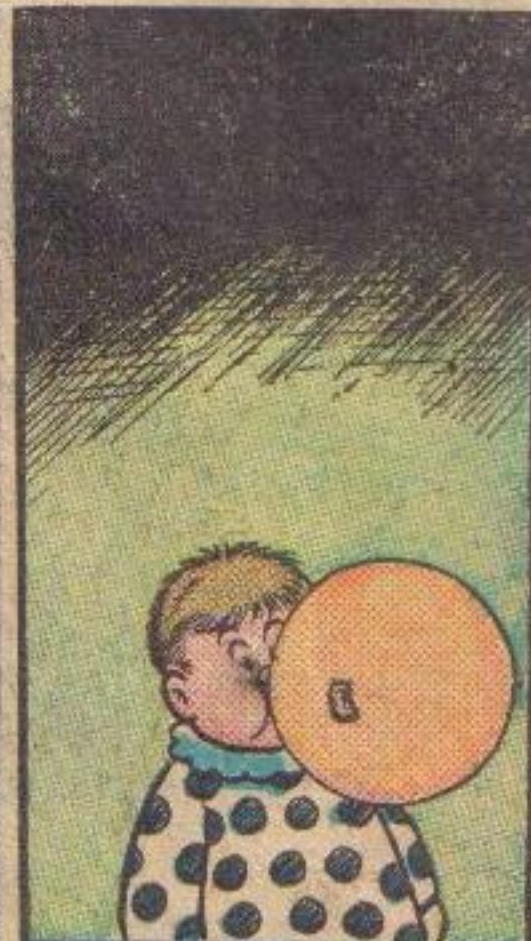
STEEL, YA MEAN!

DIDN'T THE NOISE MAKE YA JUMP?

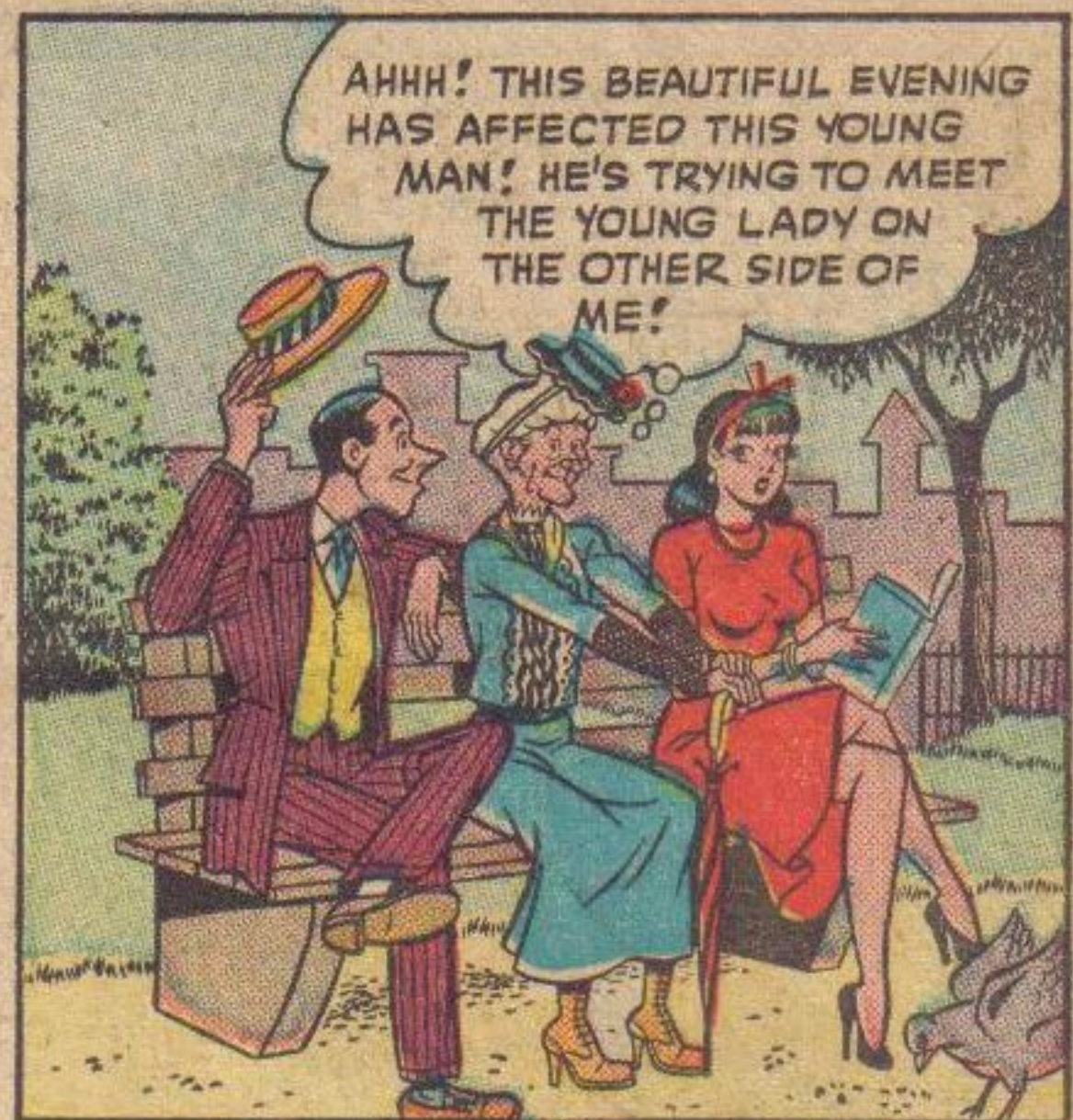
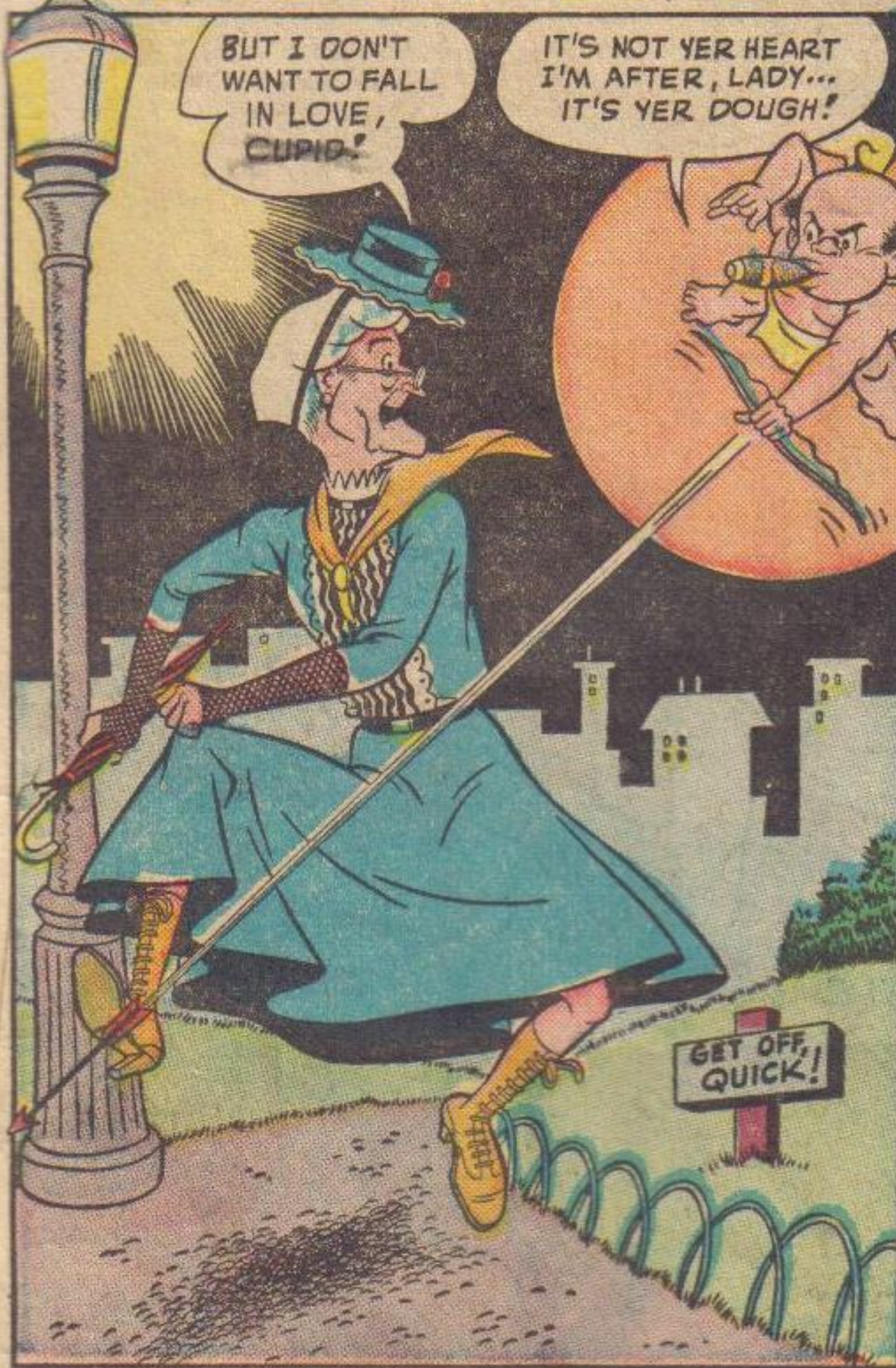
NO NOISE ON EARTH COULD EVER BOTHER OLD SALTY!

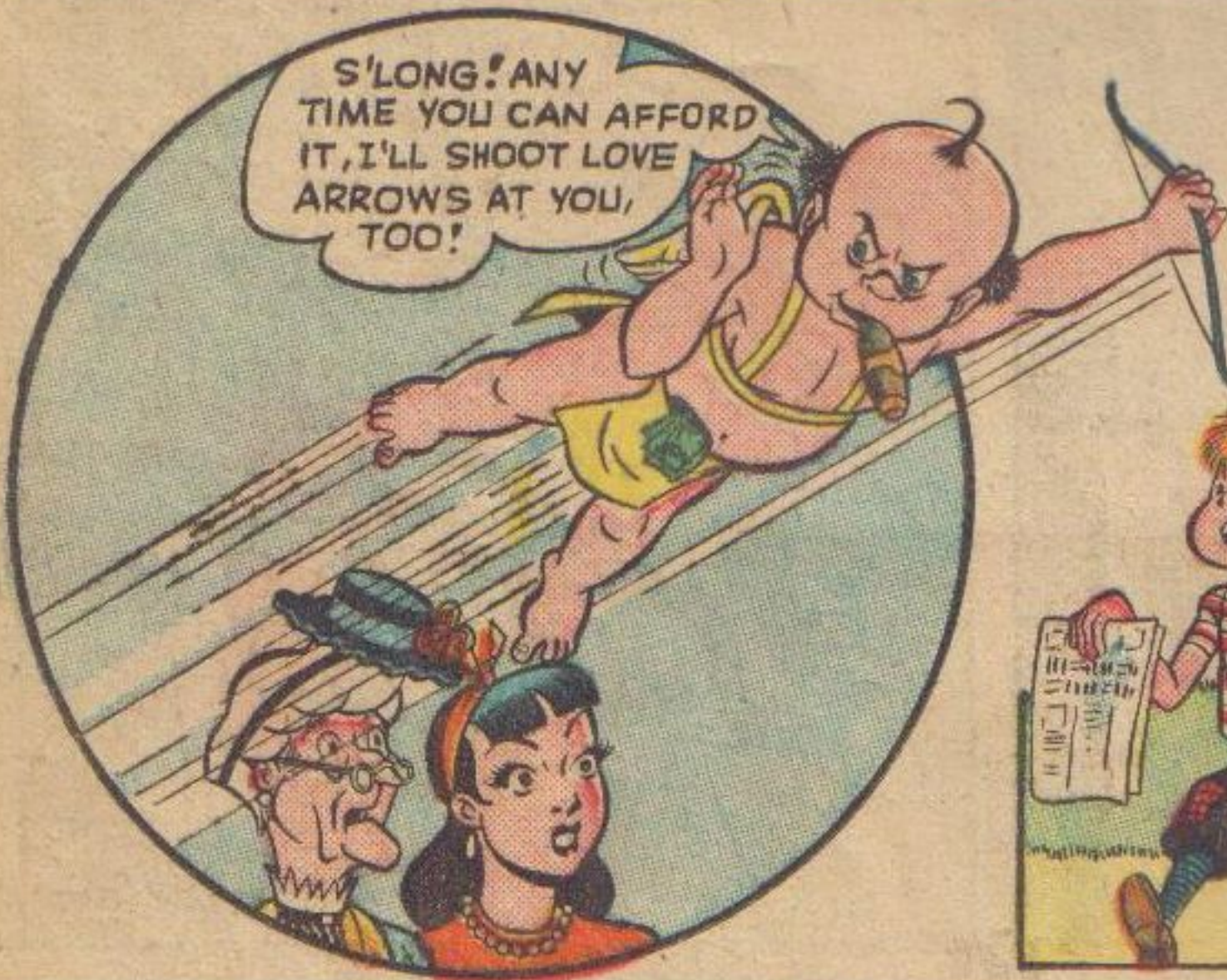
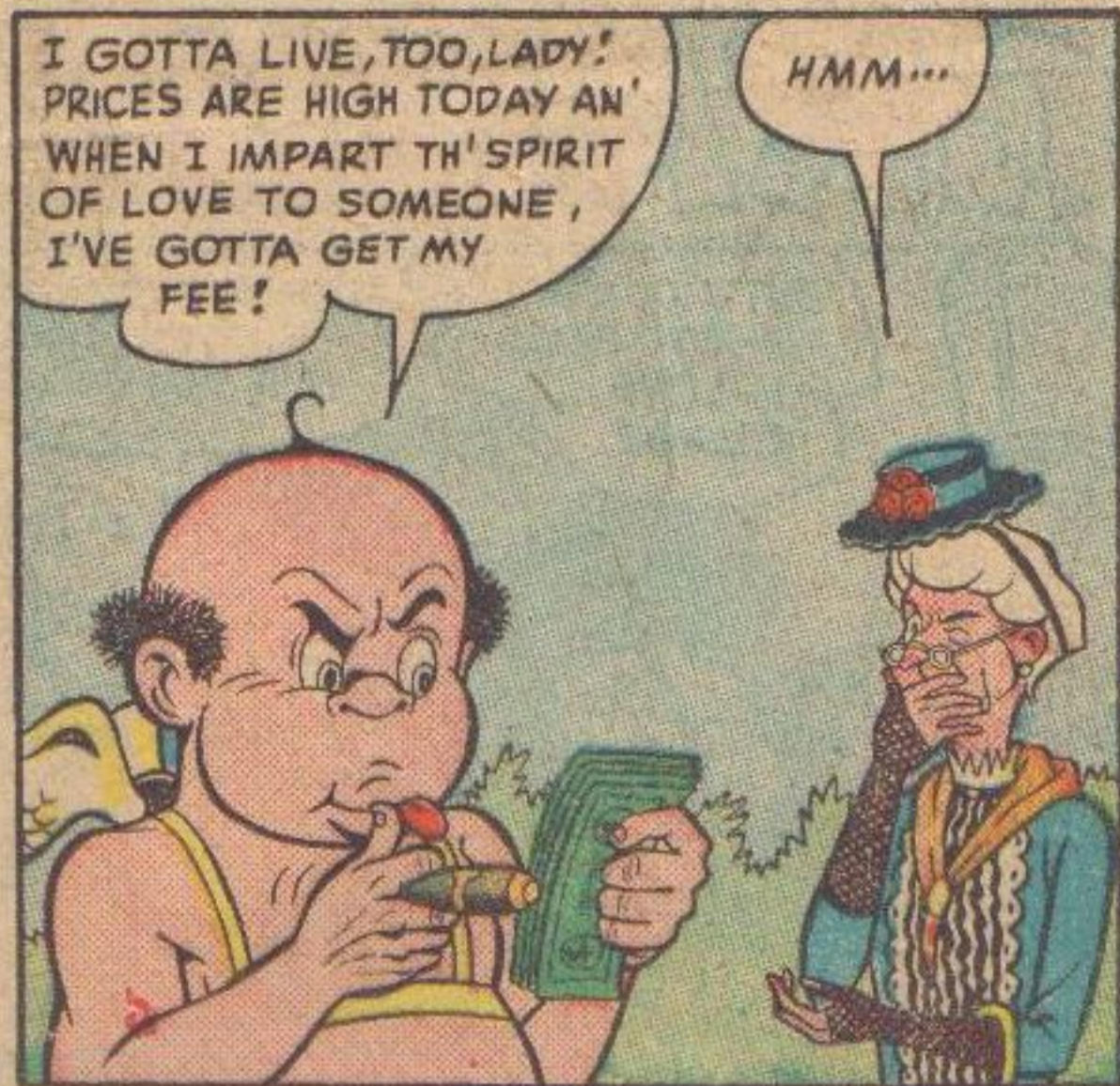
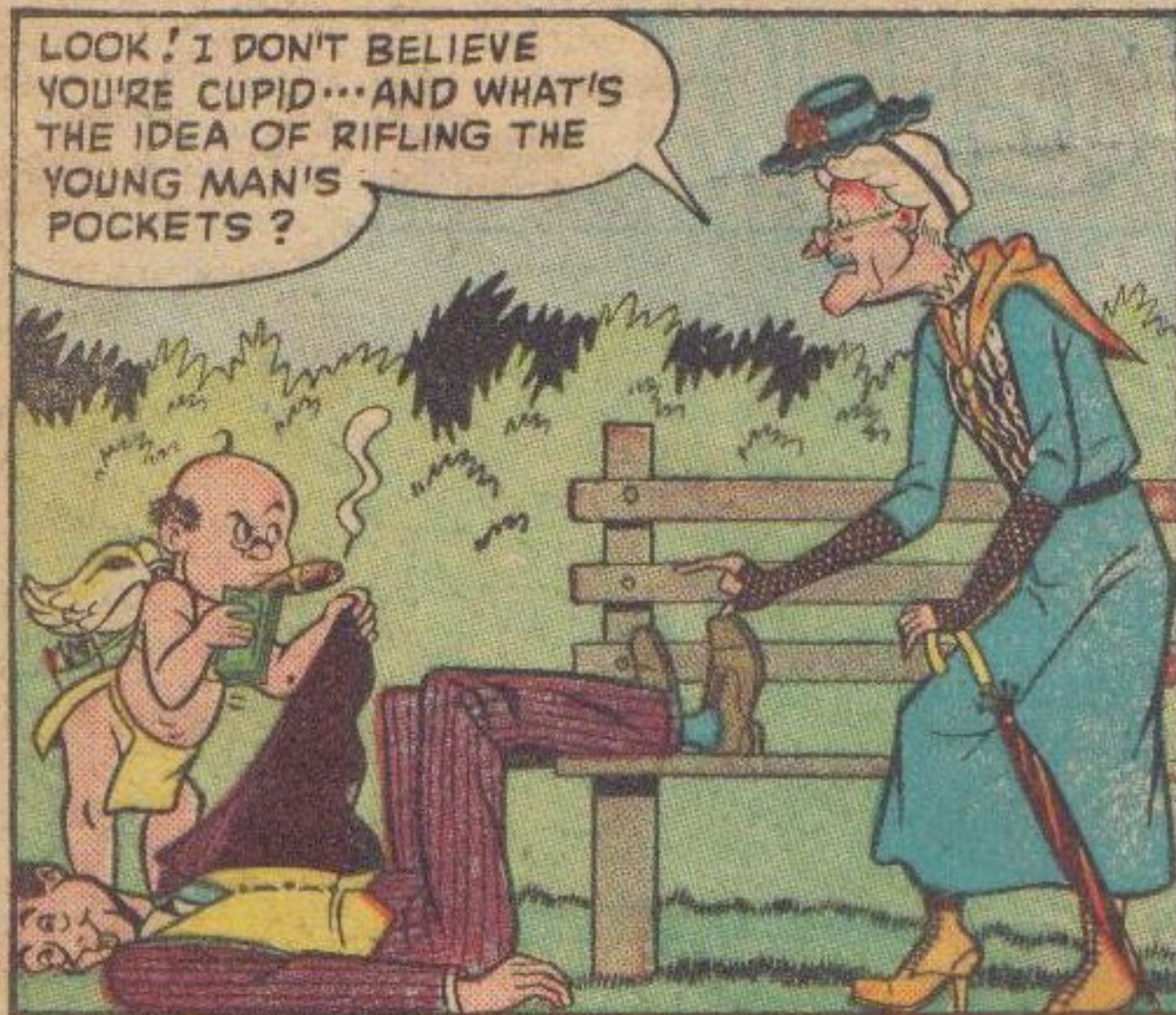


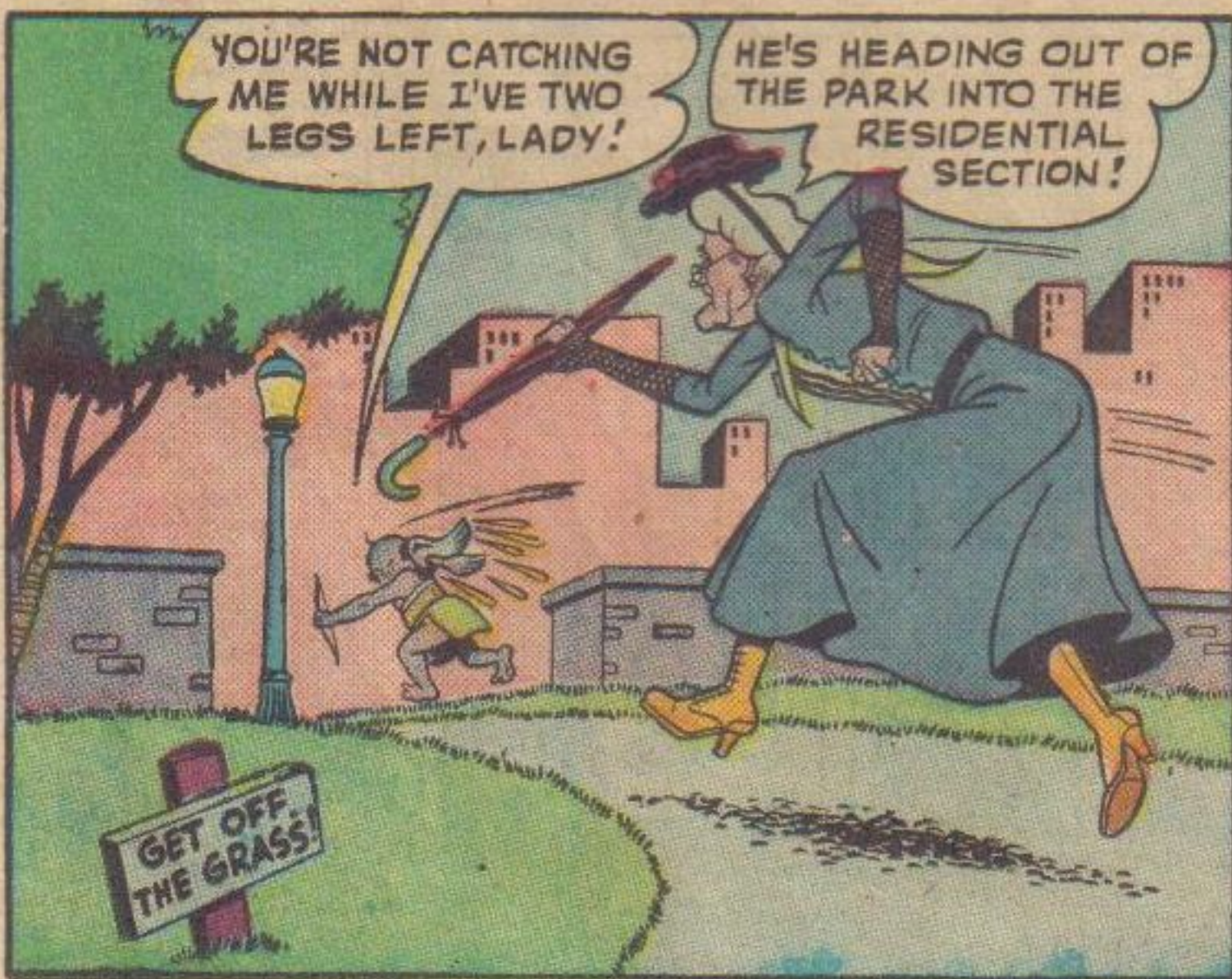
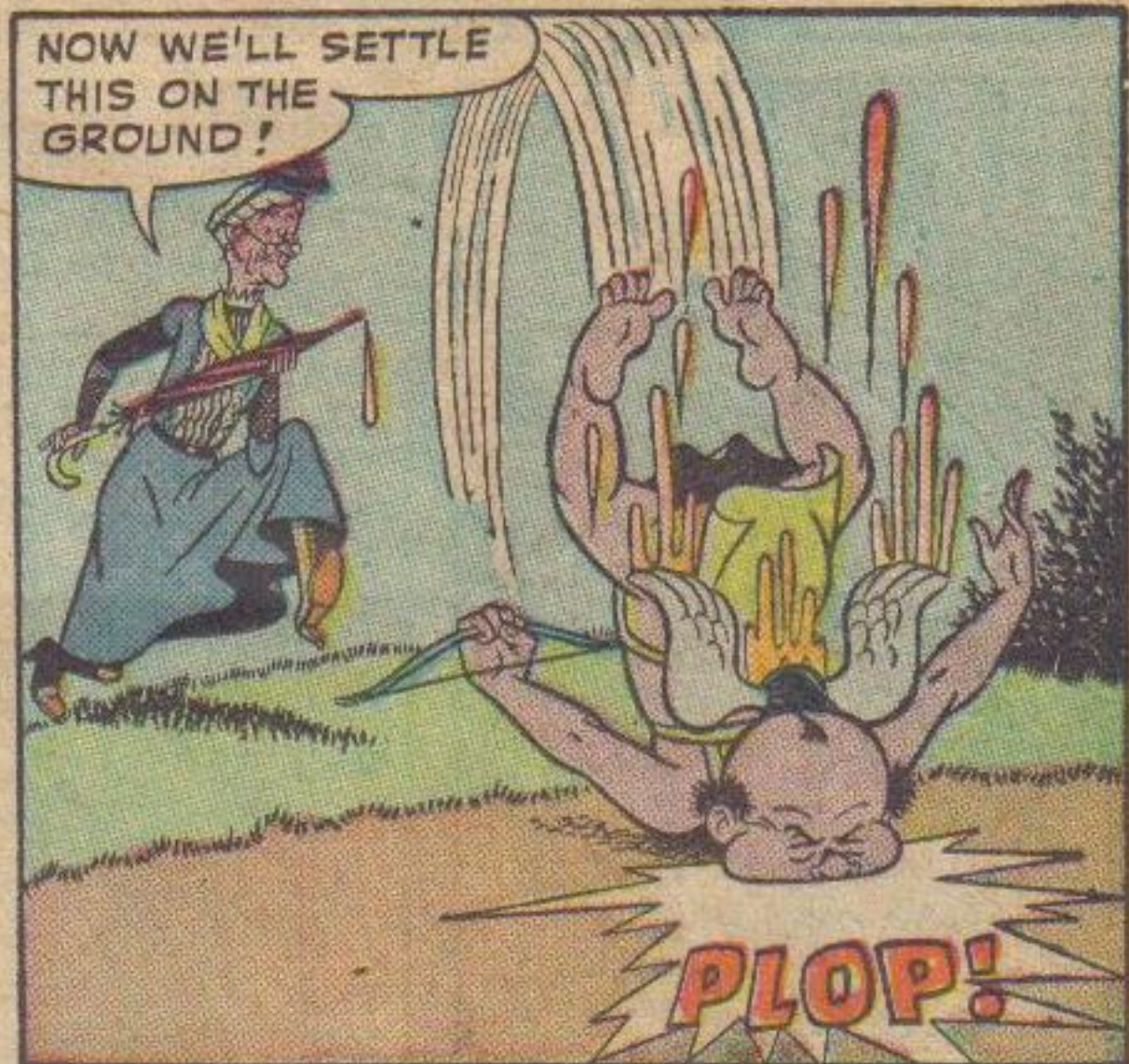
BUBBLE GUM



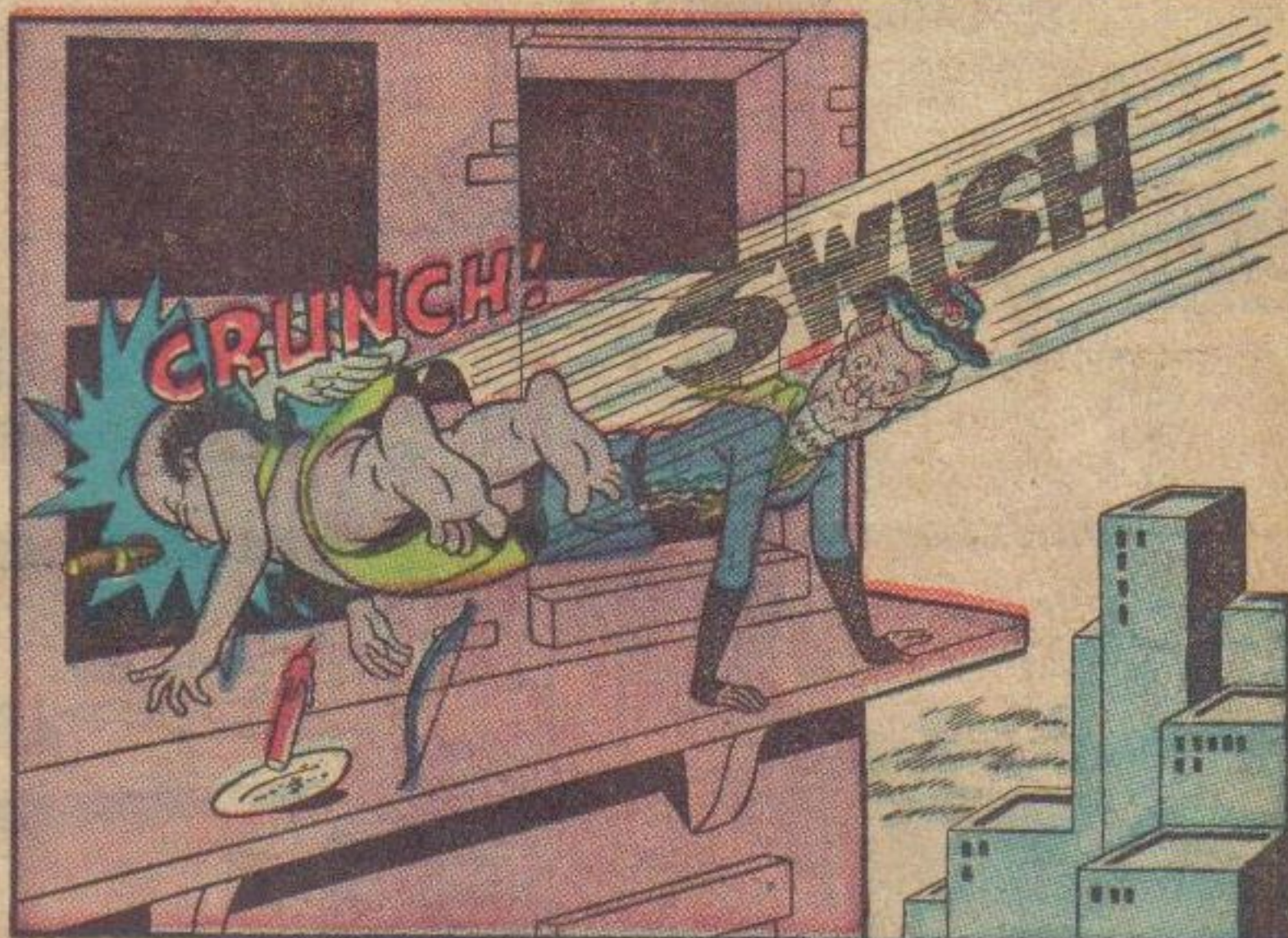
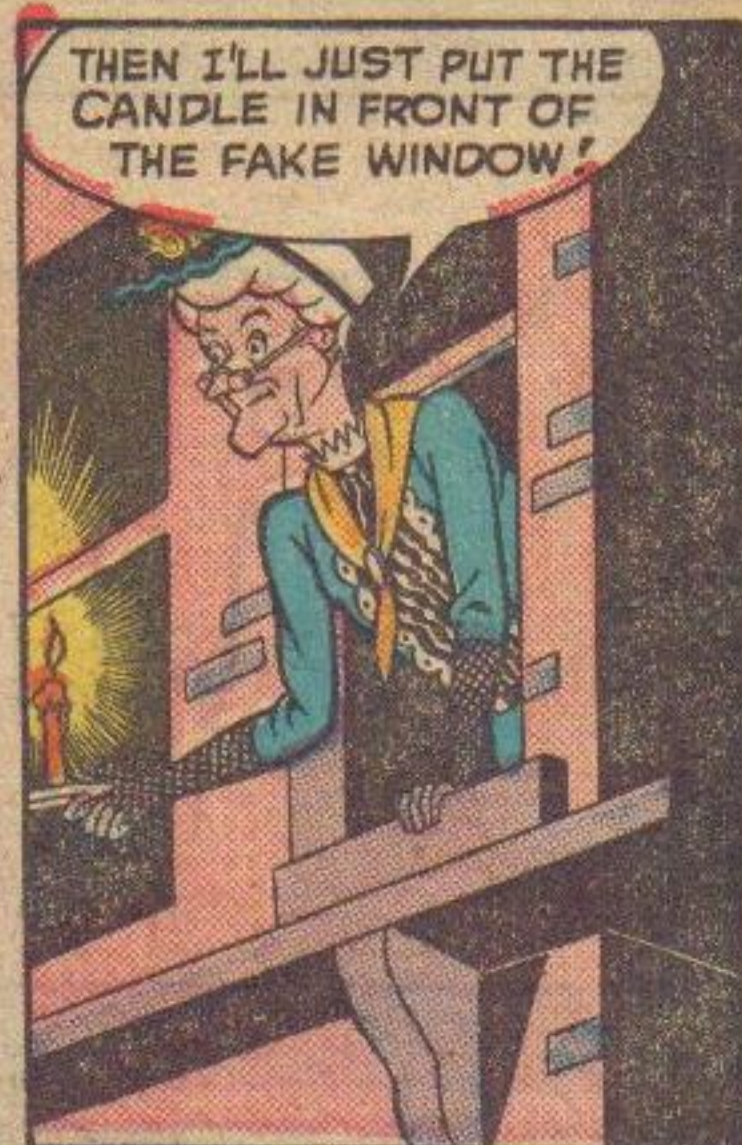
GRANNY GUMSHOE











AN

SAY! HOW DO YOU SPELL
ANTHROP?
THAT'S ME NAME!



SOB!
SNIFF!

!



KNOCK!
KNOCK!

!

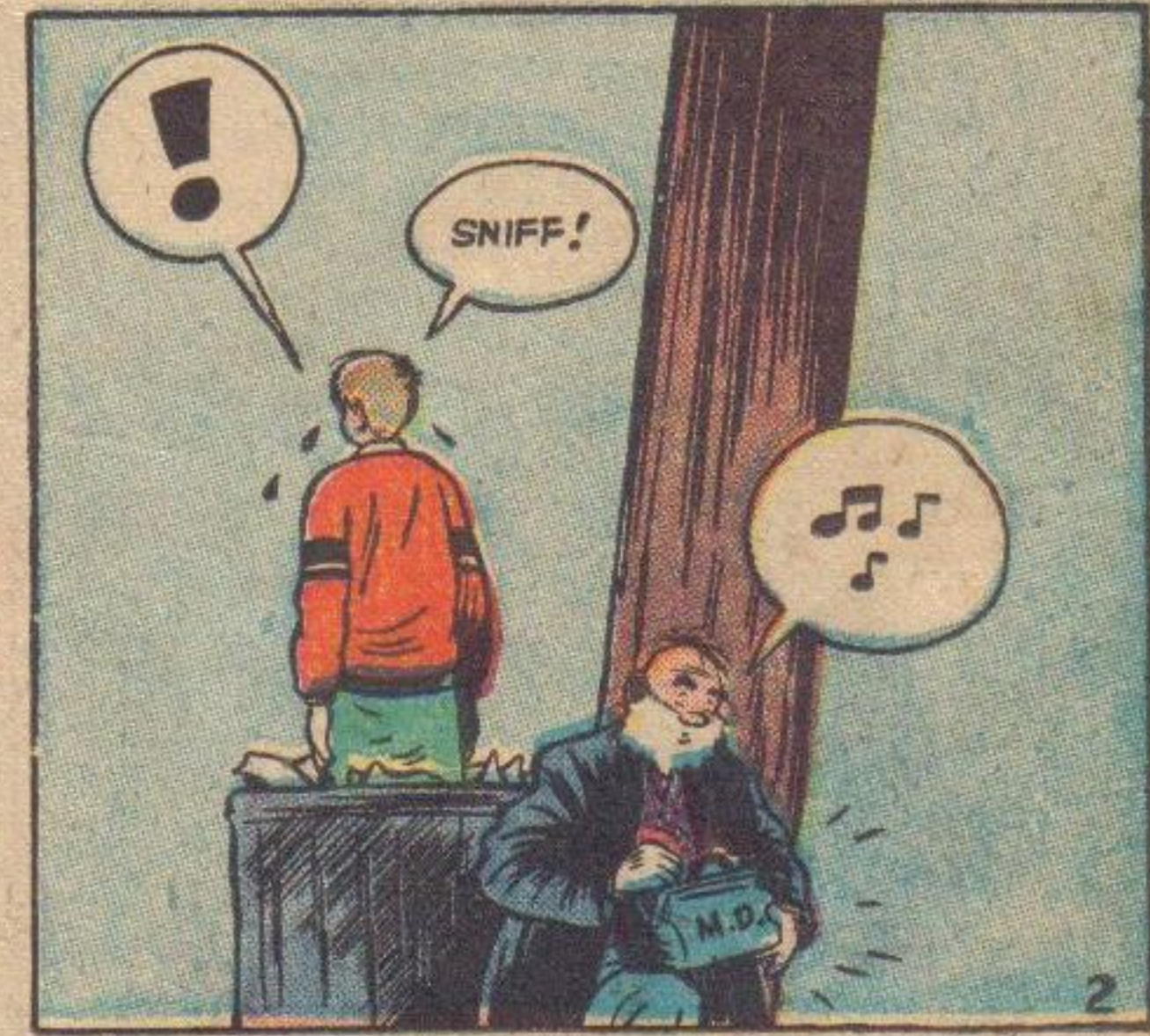
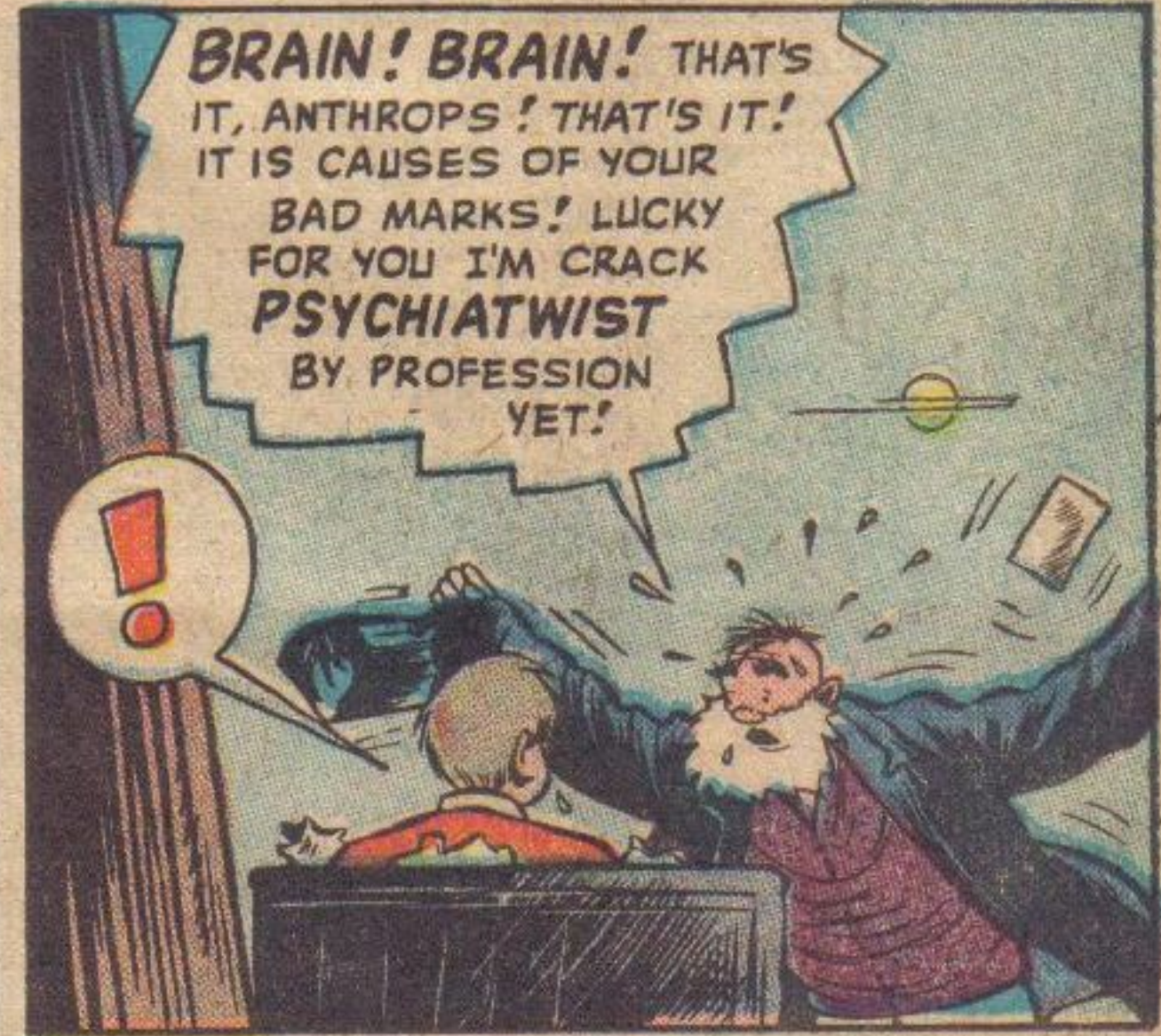
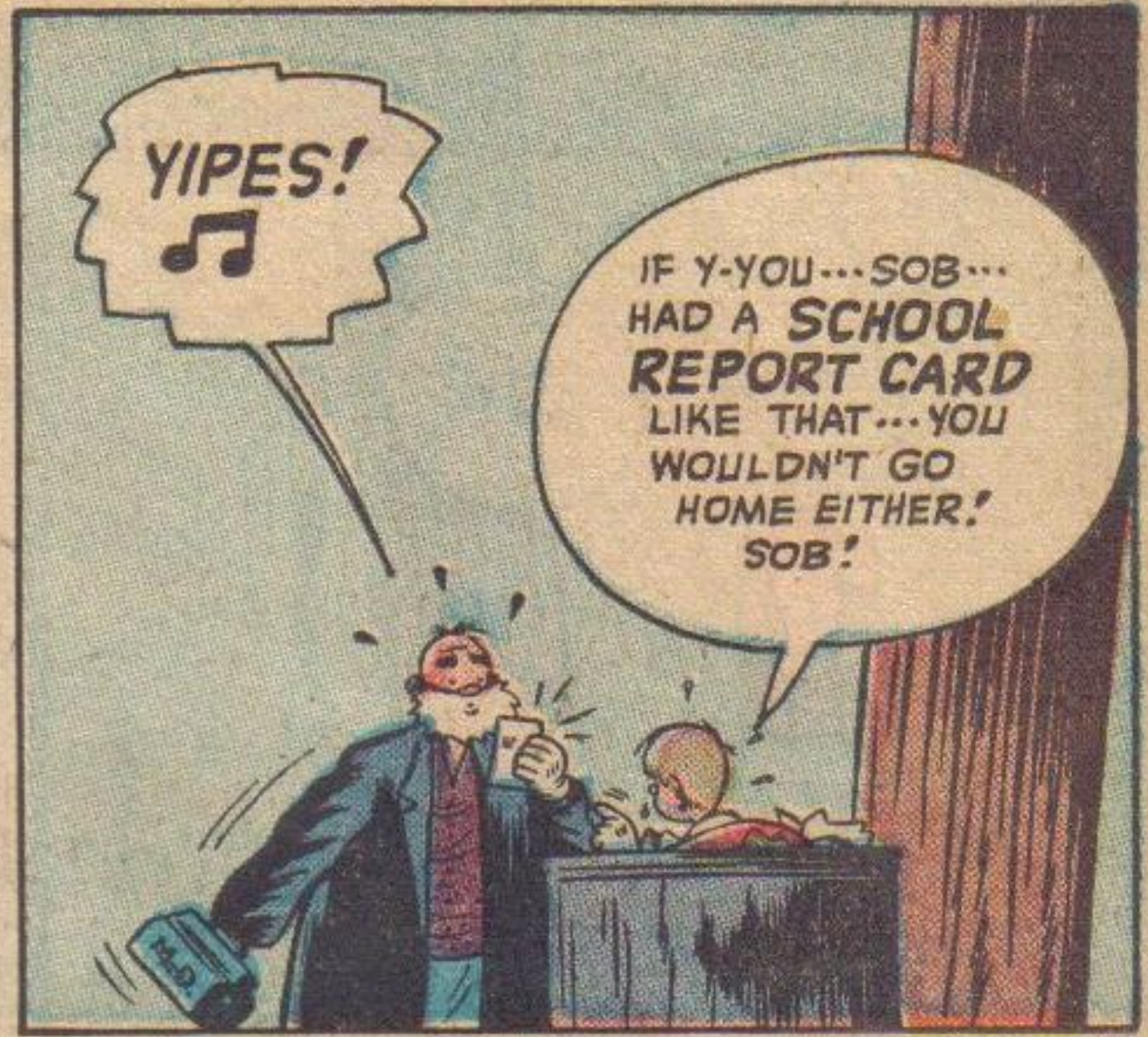
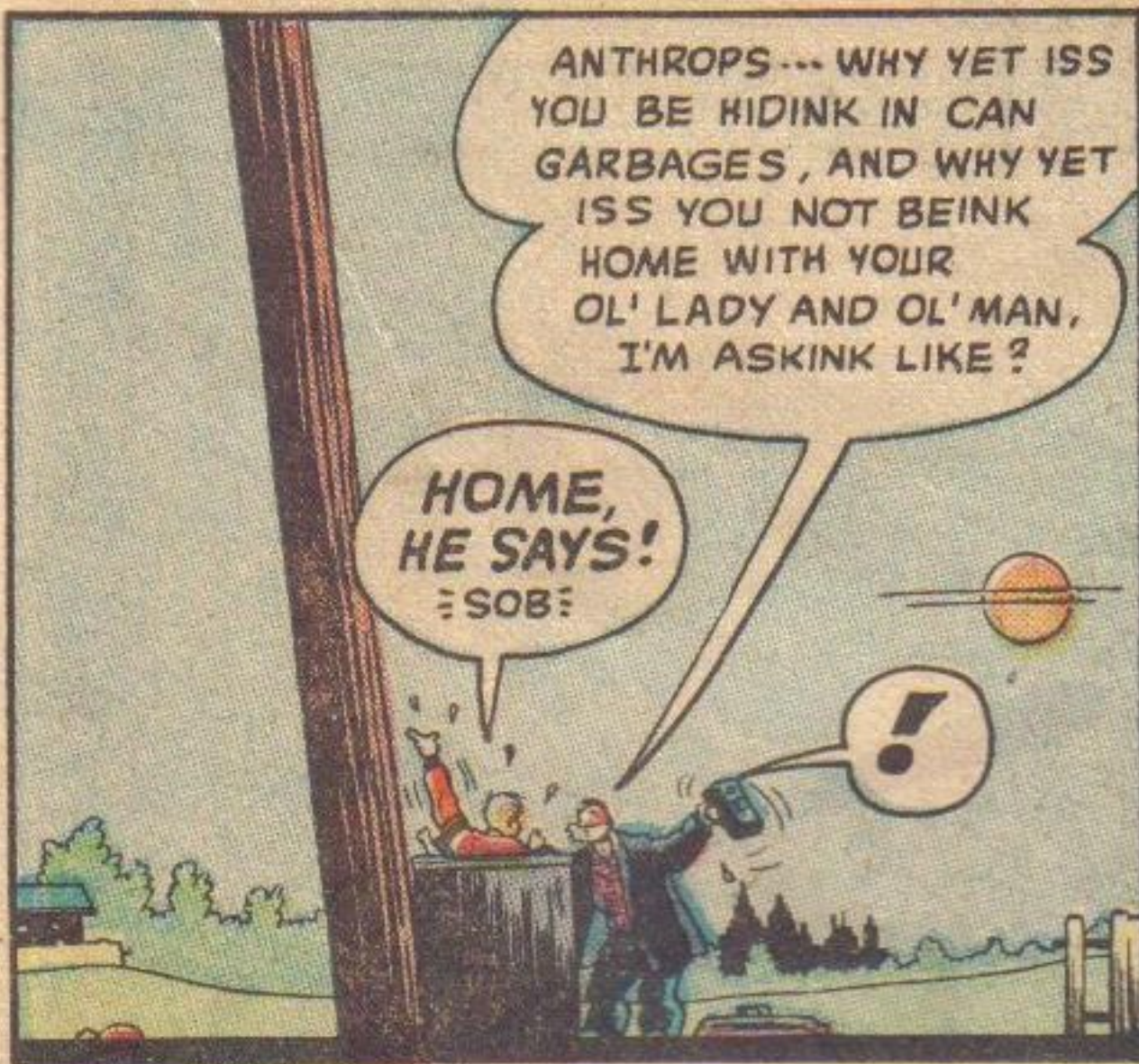
SOB!
COME
IN!

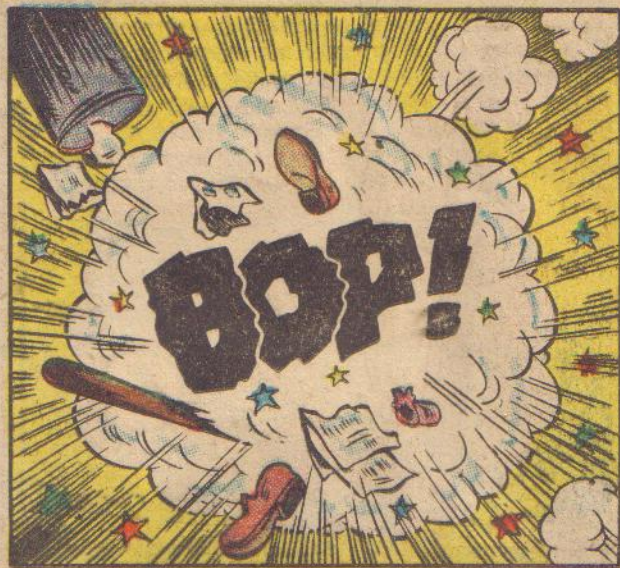
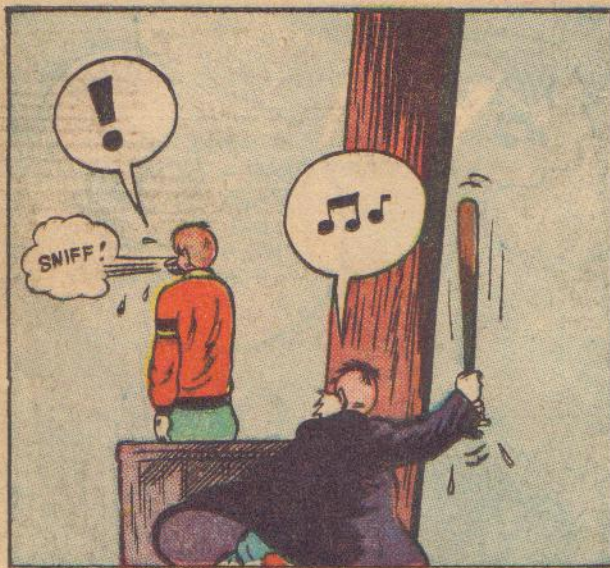


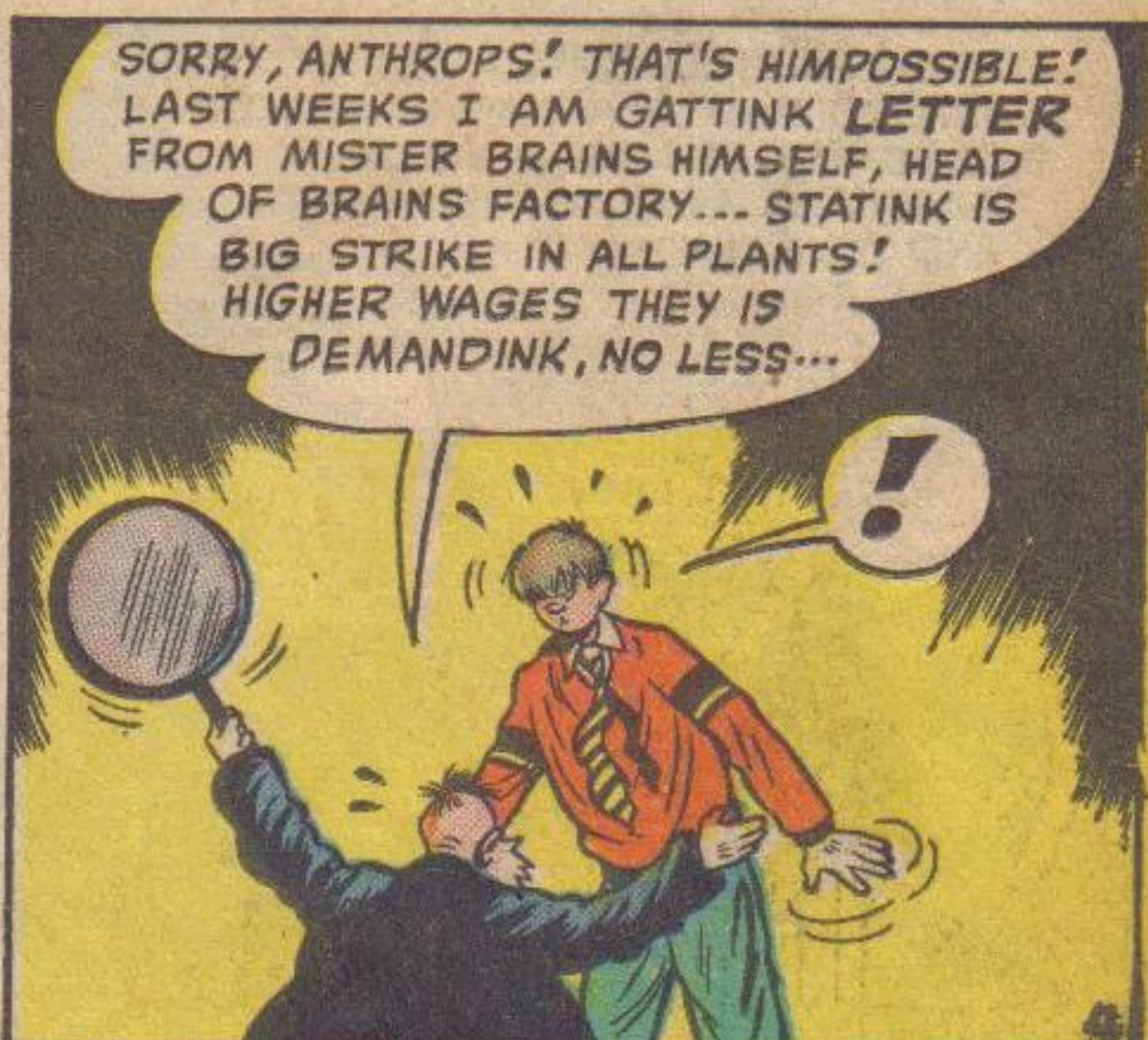
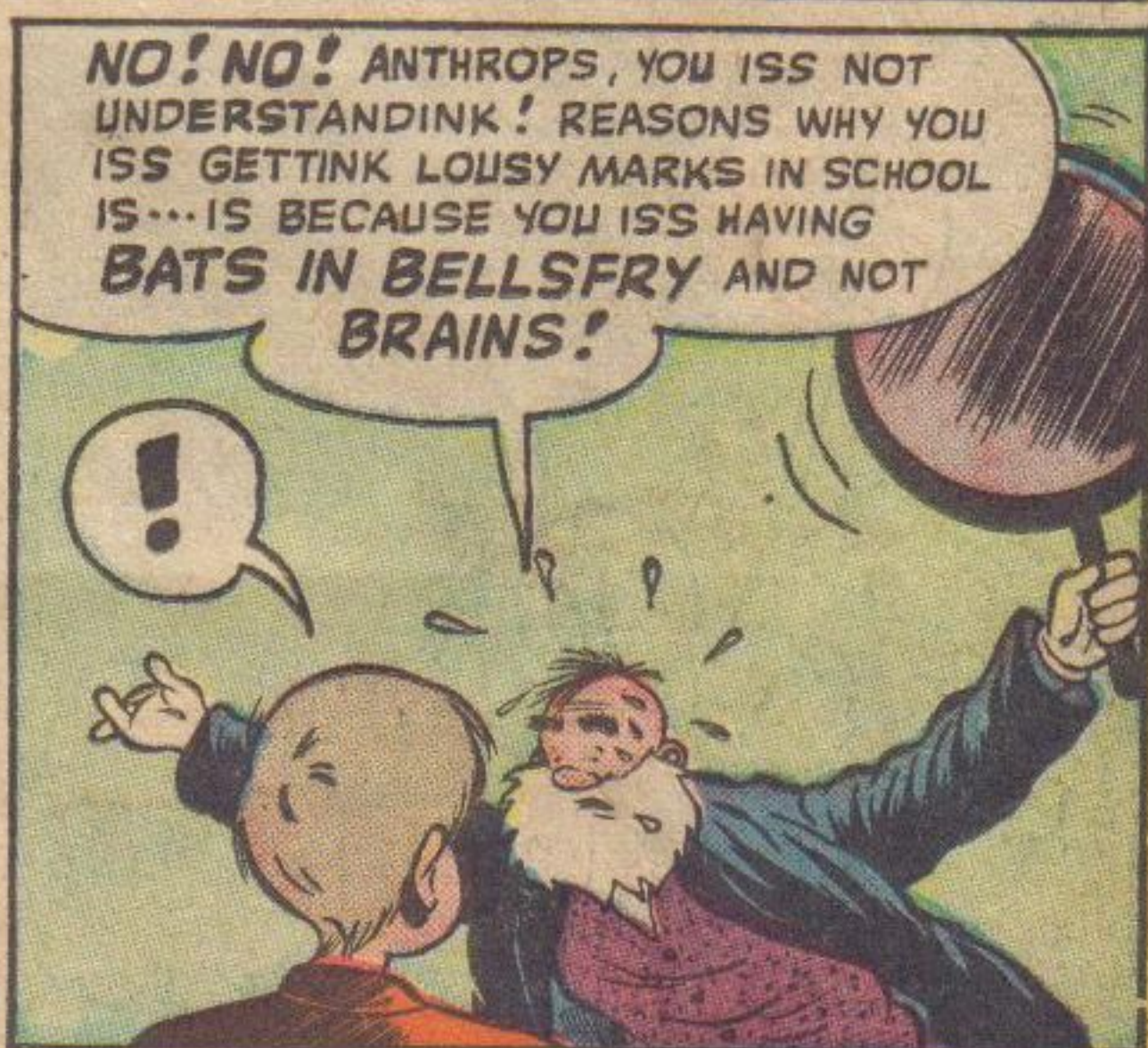
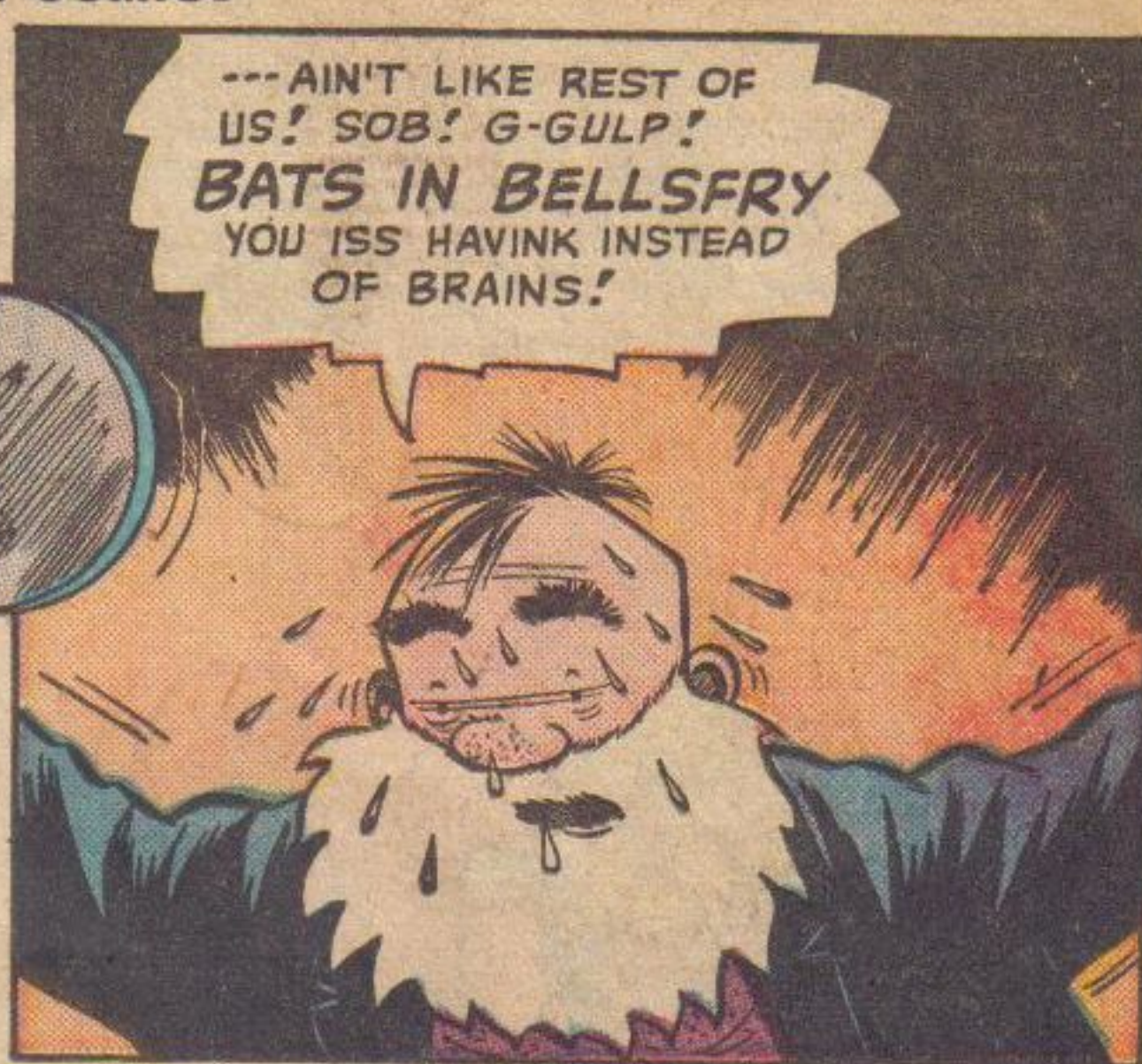
ANTHROPS!

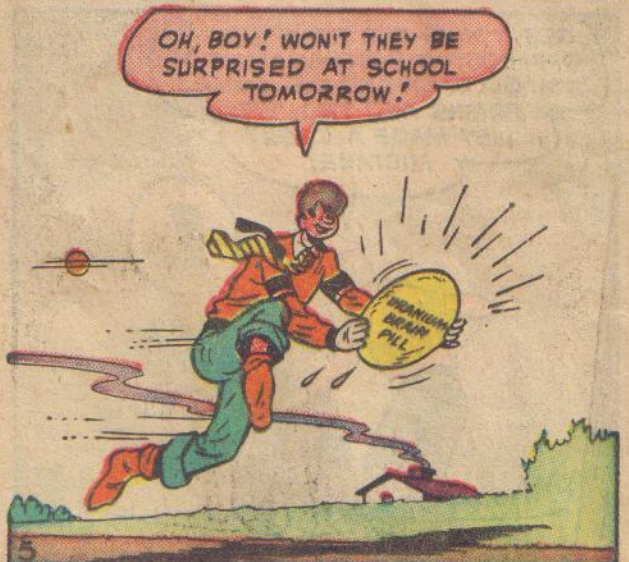
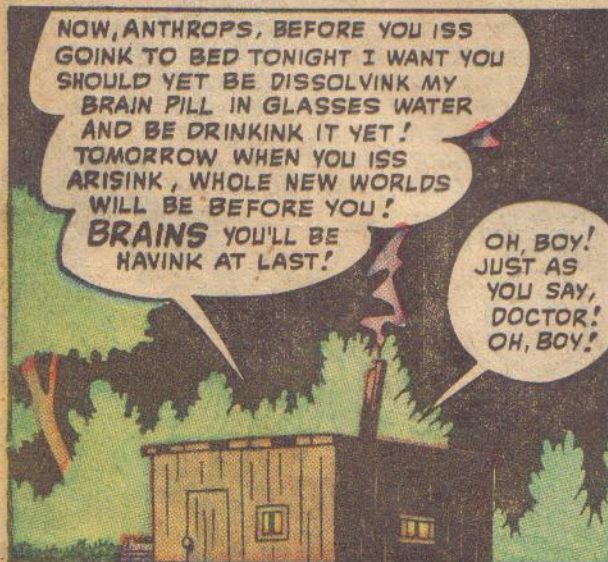
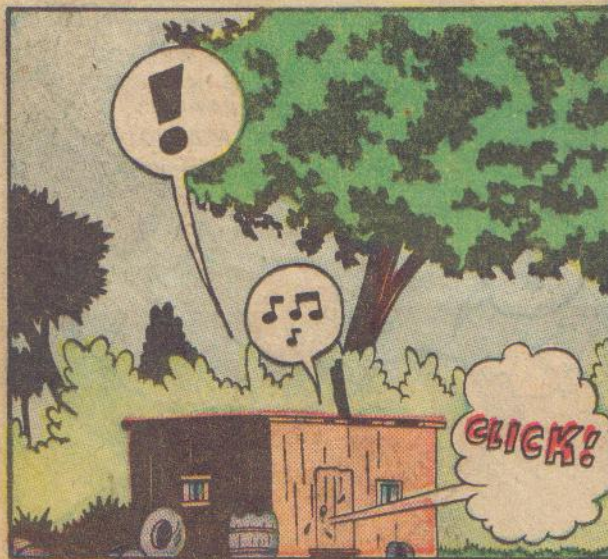
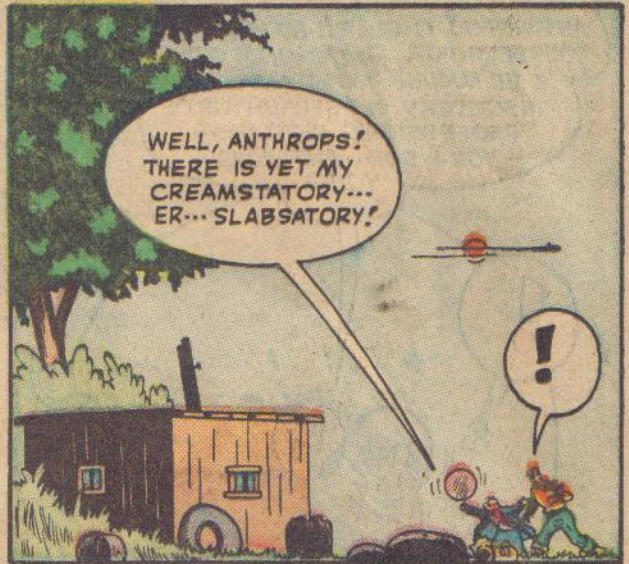
SOB! OH,
H-HELLO, DOCTOR
BOTCHAGALOO!
SOB!











Next morning...

YIPPEE! WHAT A GRAND AN' GLORIOUS PECULIAR FEELING! NOBODY SHOULD BE WITHOUT THOSE PILLS! SCHOOL...HERE I COME!
YIPPEE!



Six hours later...

DOCTOR BOTCHAGALOO! OPEN UP! OPEN UP! IT AIN'T THE COPS! IT'S ME! ANTHROP!



BOTCHAGALOO! SOB! THEM BRAINS YOU G-GAVE ME... SOB!... IS **NO GOOD!** NOT ONLY DID I GET **ZERO MINUS** IN EVERY SUBJECT... BUT I WAS DEMOTED FROM THE EIGHTH GRADE TO THE **FOURTH!**
WAH!

YIPES!

DUNCE



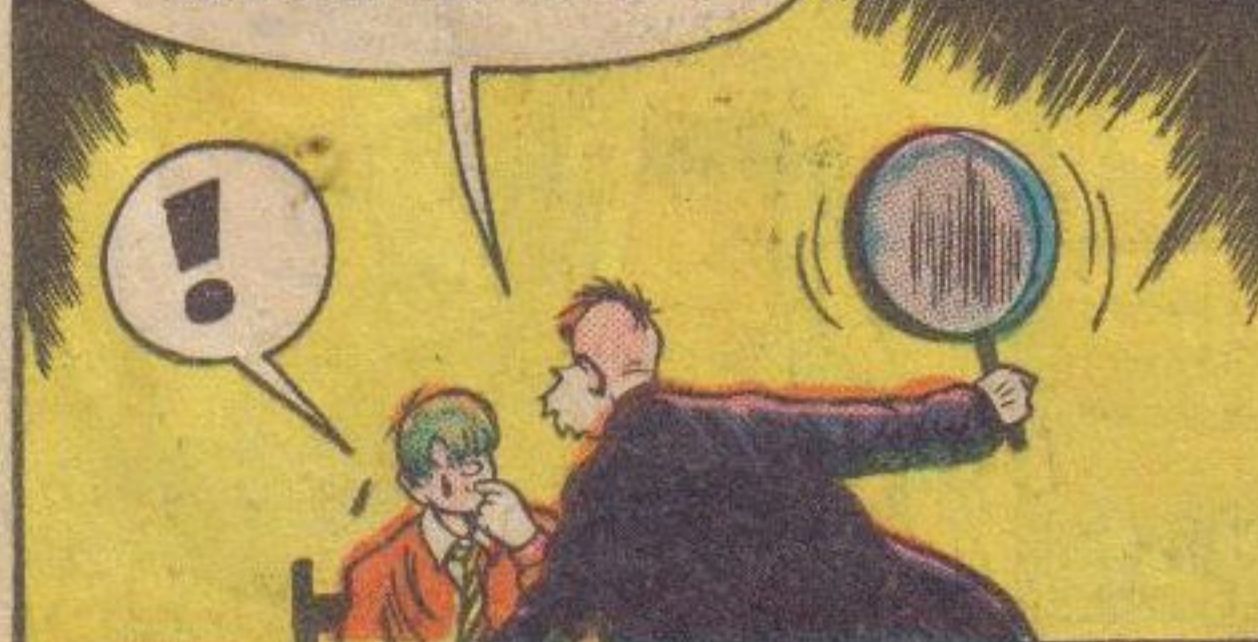
NOW! NOW! BE CALMINK YOURSELF, ANTHROPS! **SIT DOWN!** LEAVE ME BE GIVINK YOUR NOGGINS ANOTHER X-RAY EXAMINATIONS! COULD BE YET MY BRAIN PILL ISS NEEDINK A LITTLE MORE TIMES TO BE TAKING AFFECTION!

SOB



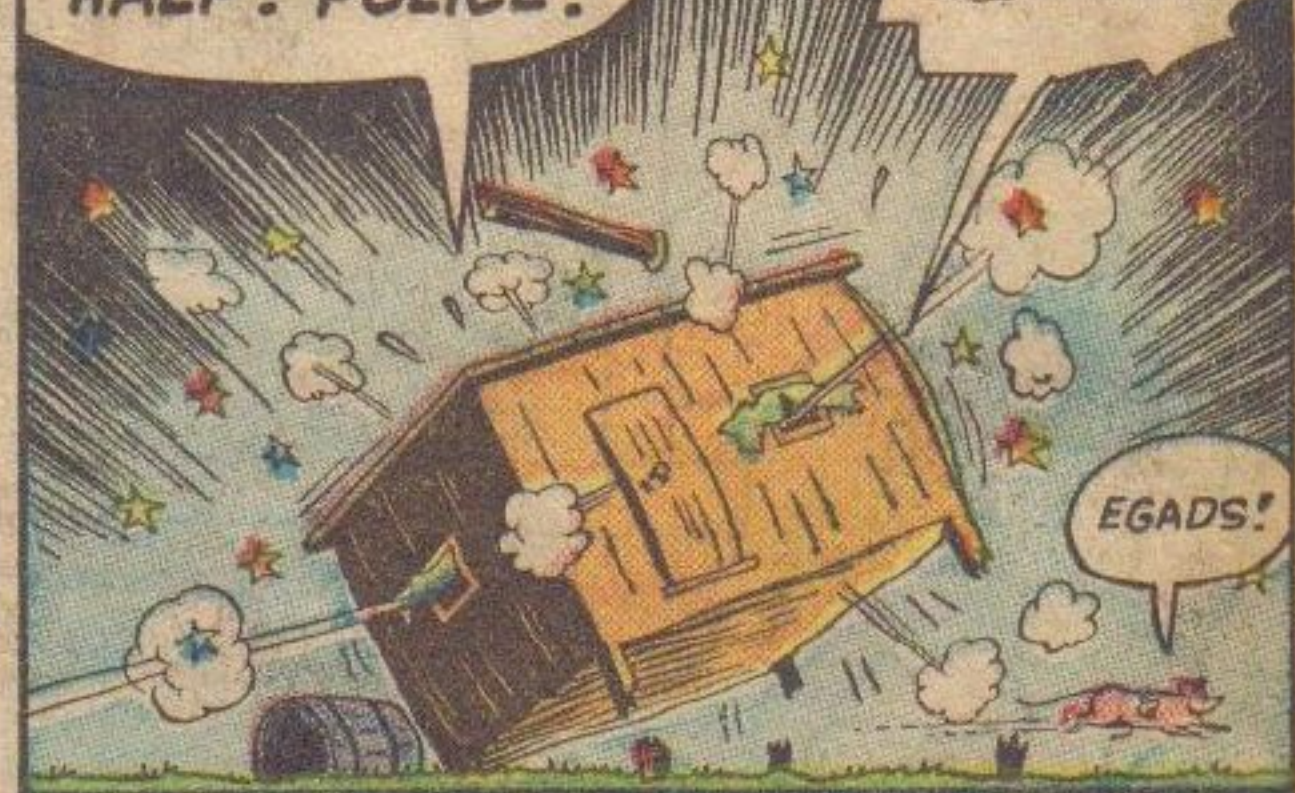
Ten minutes later...

ANTHROPS! AFTER EXAMINATIONS... I AM FINDINK **BRAINS**, BUT NOT IN YOUR NOGGINS! JUST BE GIVINK 'EM A LITTLE TIME TO FAMILIARIZE THEMSELVES IN THEIR NEW HOME! IN DUE TIME THEY WILL BE ACTINK IN NORMAL FASHIONS...

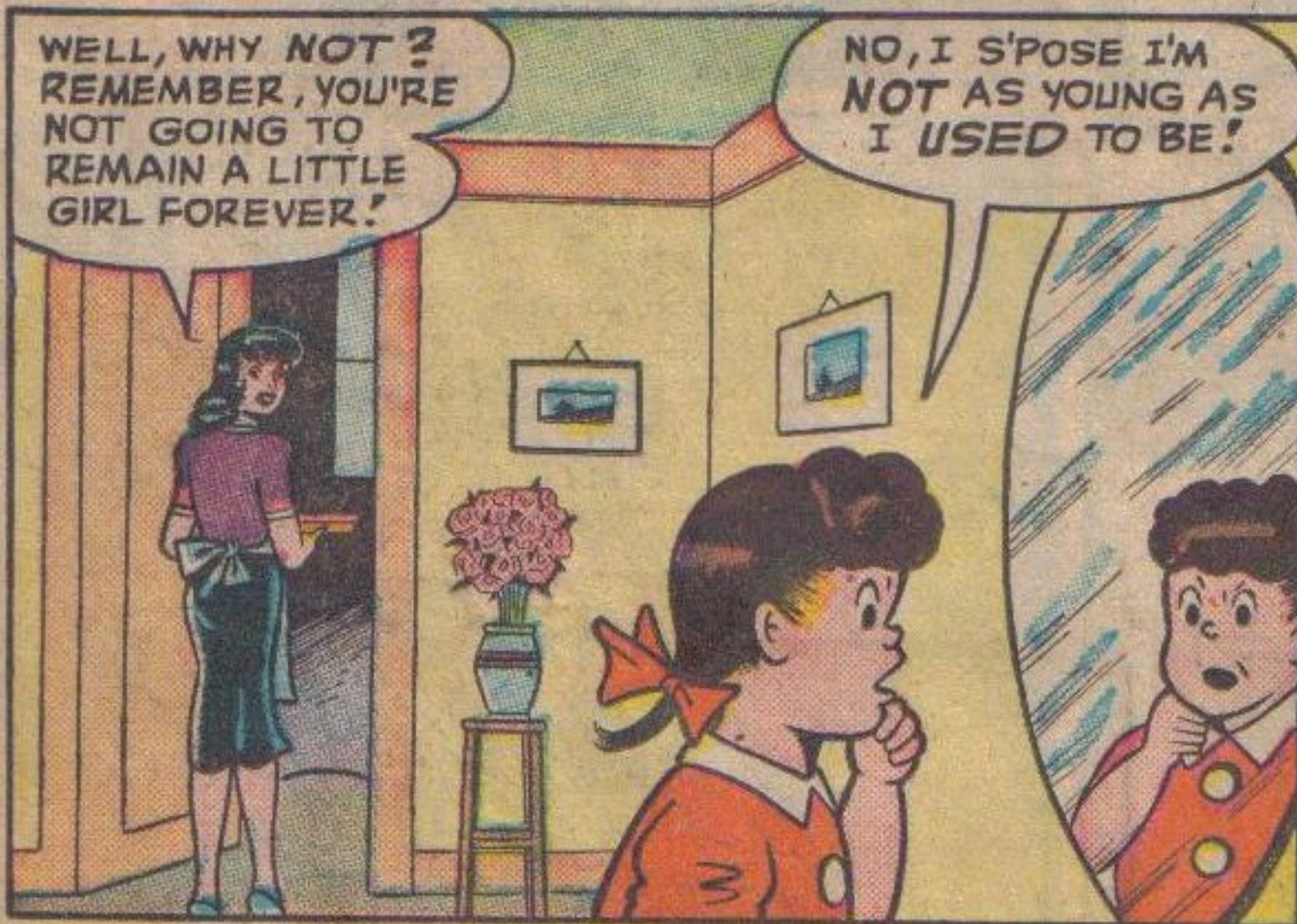


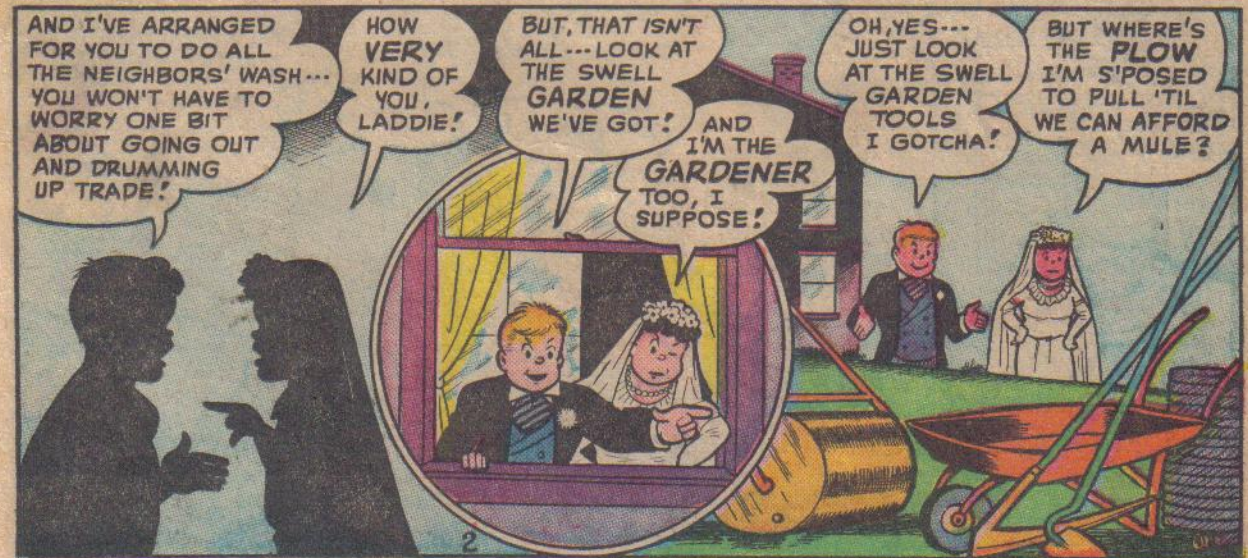
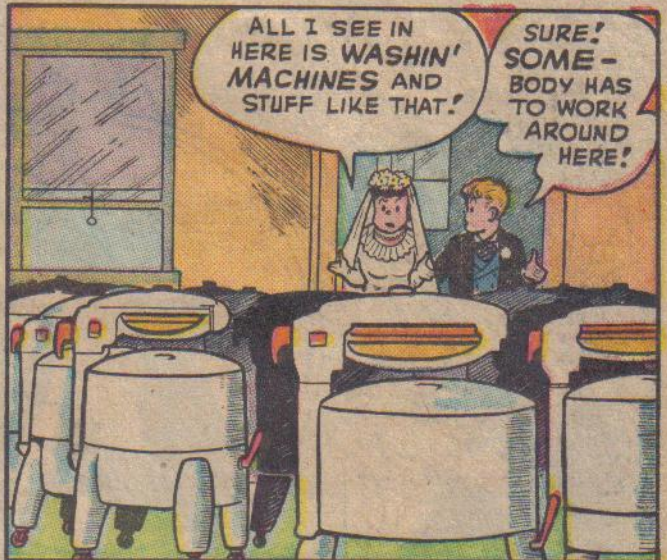
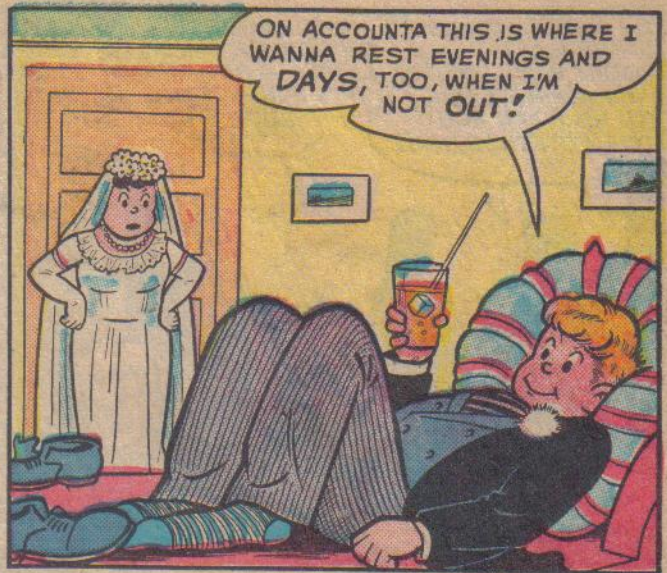
HALP! HALP! OUCH! ANTHROPS, PLEASE! OUCH! CAN I BE---BE---HELPINK--- IF **BATS** IN YOUR BELLSFRY WON'T GET OUT? **HALP! POLICE!**

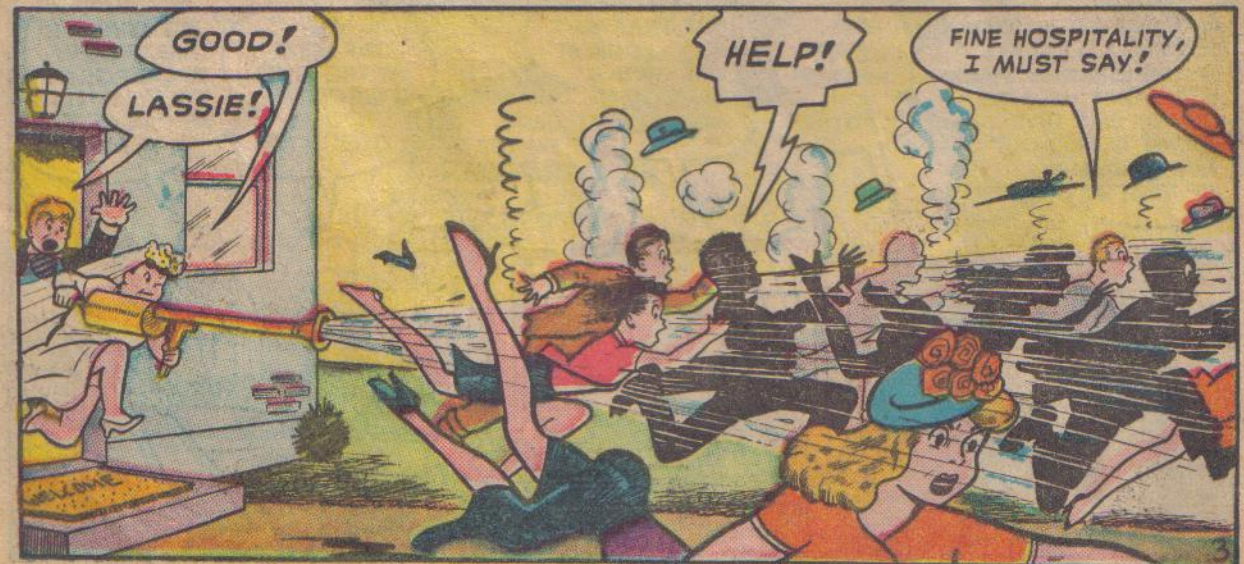
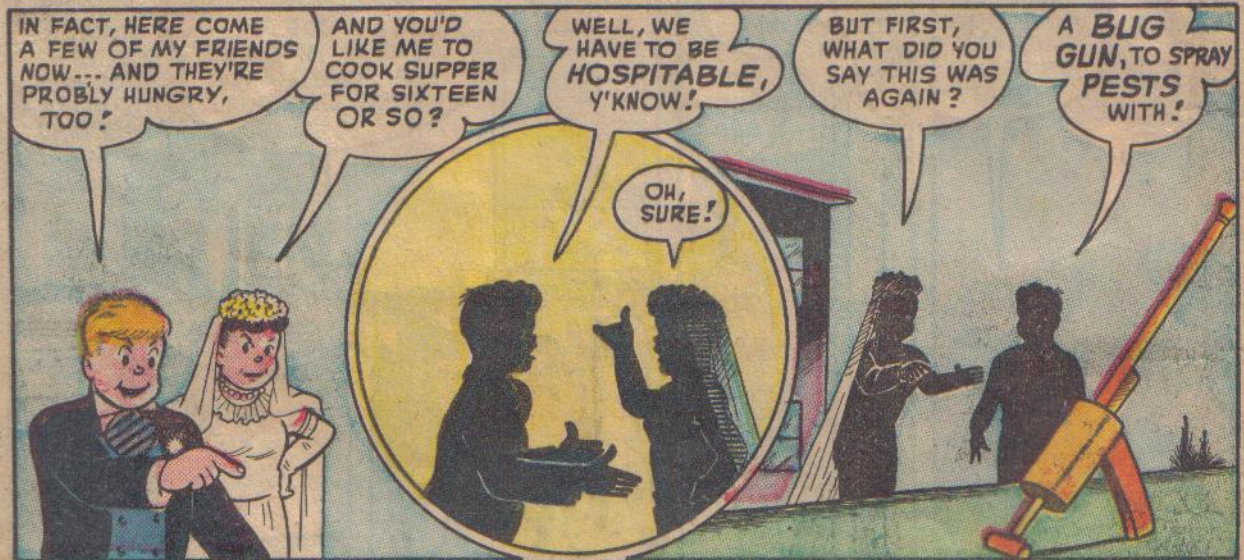
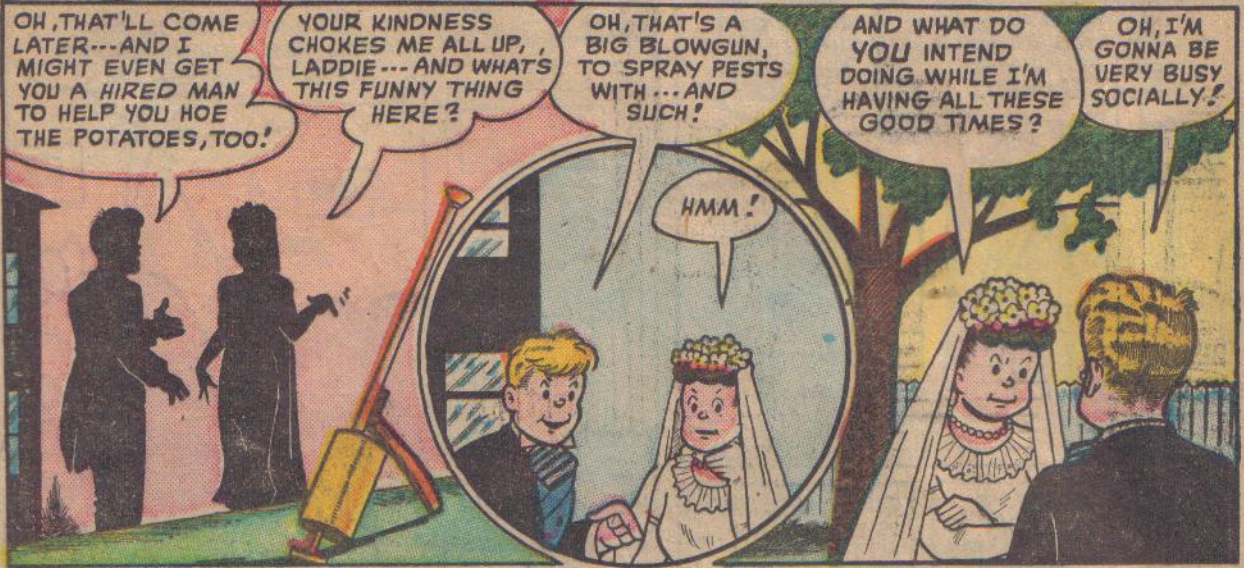
Cee #!!!? WHO EVER HEARD OF BRAINS IN THE FEET? Cee #***??

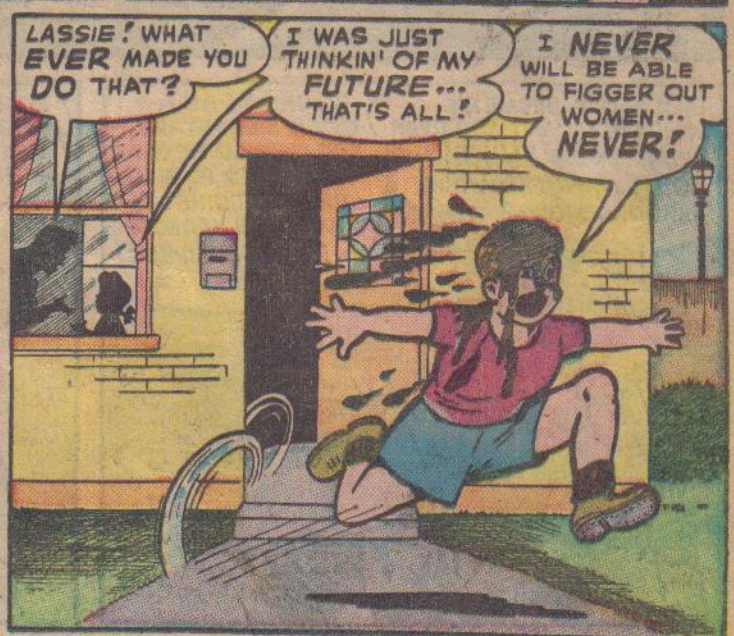
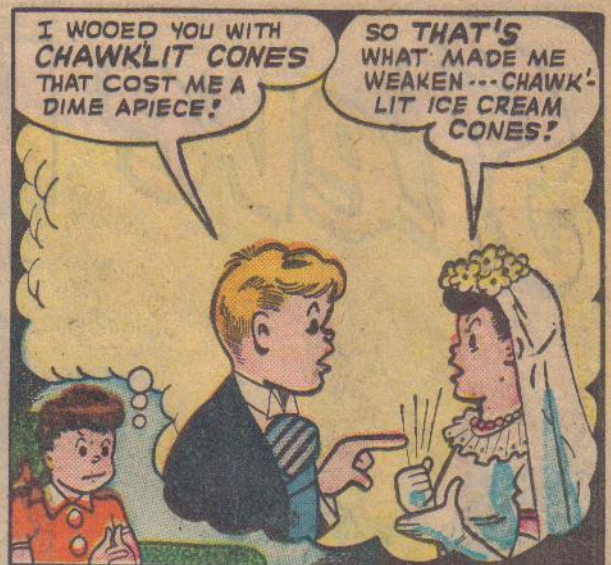


LASSIE









Steve Wood



Steve Wood, waterfront detective, meets a terrifying opponent, as he battles **CHARON**, sinister skipper of **THE SHIP THAT ATE MEN!**

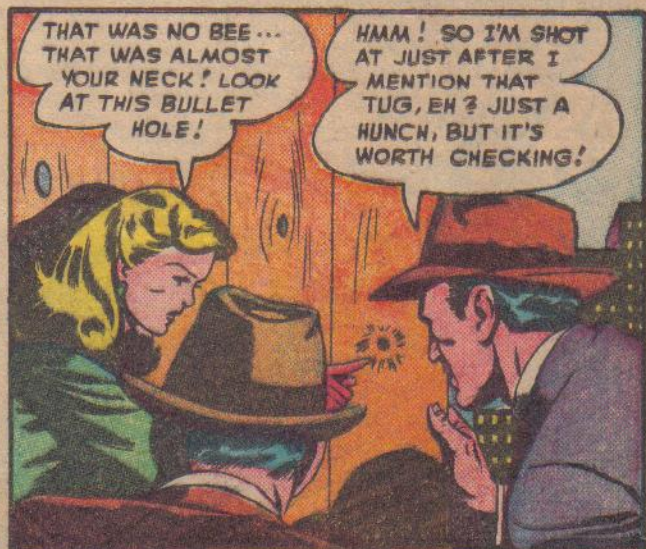
TALK ABOUT BUSMEN'S HOLIDAYS! CAN'T YOU EVEN SPEND YOUR **LUNCH HOUR** AWAY FROM THIS HARBOR, STEVE?

HI, SALLY! AS A GOOD SECRETARY, YOU SHOULD BE GLAD YOUR BOSS IS TENDING TO BUSINESS... AND THIS HARBOR IS MY BUSINESS!

FOR INSTANCE, I KNOW EVERY TUG OUT THERE BY NAME! THAT IS... HMM!

DON'T TELL ME SOMETHING'S SLIPPED PAST YOUR EAGLE EYE, BOSS!

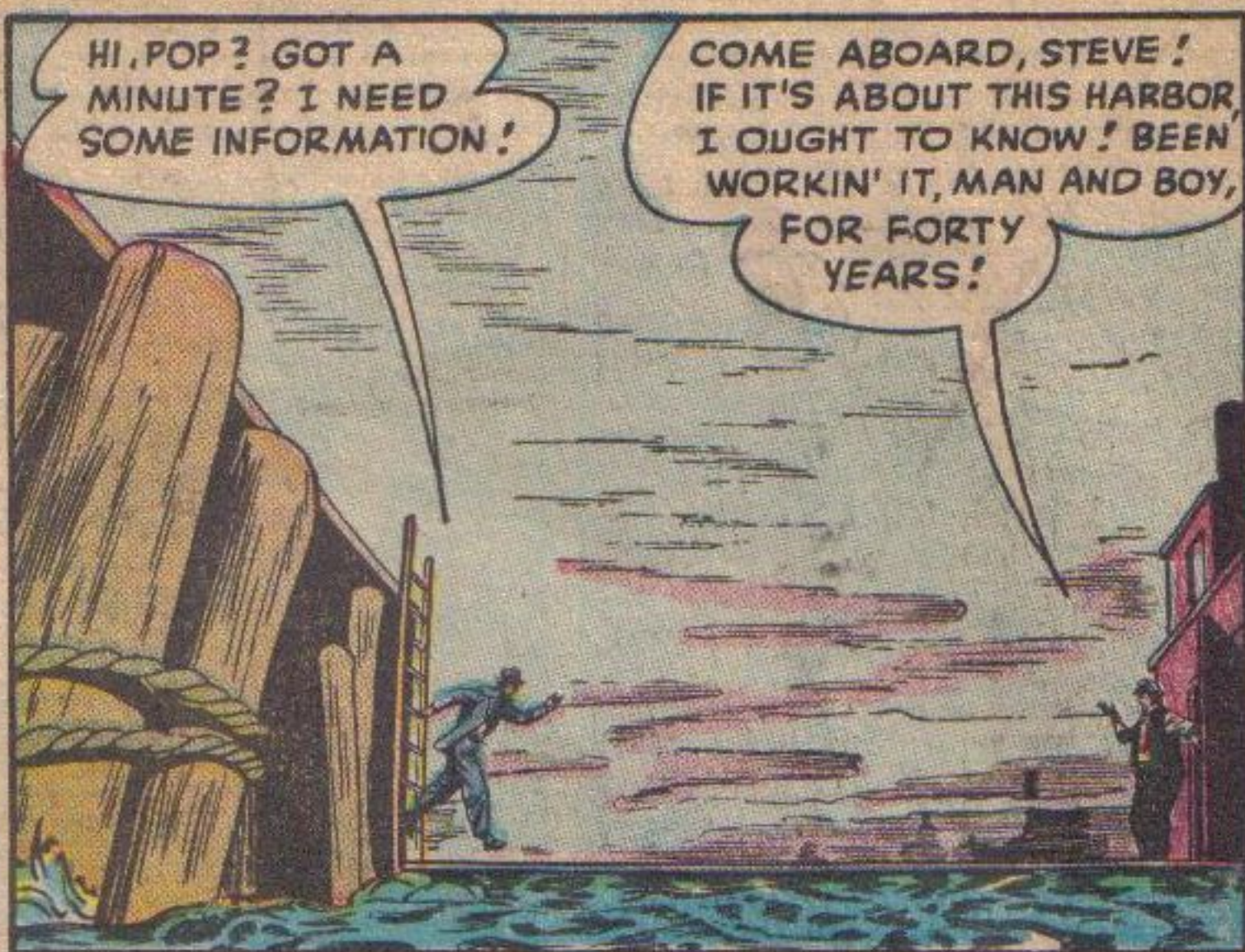






HUH? WHAT'S A TUG GOT TO DO WITH GETTIN' SHOT AT AND...

IF I'M RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU WHEN I COME FOR THAT REWARD!



HI, POP? GOT A MINUTE? I NEED SOME INFORMATION!

COME ABOARD, STEVE! IF IT'S ABOUT THIS HARBOR, I OUGHT TO KNOW! BEEN WORKIN' IT, MAN AND BOY, FOR FORTY YEARS!



...AND THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS TUG?

YEP! SHE'S NEW ALL RIGHT! NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE THIS MORNIN'!



'BYE, POP! I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE PRIVATE INSPECTING OF MY OWN!

GOOD LUCK, SON! SHE'S BERTHED RIGHT DOWN THE PIER!



LOOKS DESERTED! FUNNY... THERE'S NOTHING REALLY DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS TUG, AND YET... WHA...!

CRACK!



WOW! THOSE BOARDS WERE CUT! AND...THE TUG'S MOVING TOWARD ME! GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! I'LL BE CRUSHED!

SPLASH!



IF I CAN ONLY MAKE THE STERN IN TIME... WHOEVER'S AT THE WHEEL OF THIS TUG IS SURE TRYING HIS BEST TO SEE THAT I DON'T MAKE IT!

THUMP! SWISH!

BET I BROKE A SPEED RECORD ON THAT SWIM! NOW TO HIDE 'TIL THEY'RE SURE I'M DONE FOR!



...NOBODY WORRIES ABOUT A DEAD DETECTIVE! SO I THINK I'LL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT! HEY...THE TUG'S MOVING OUT!

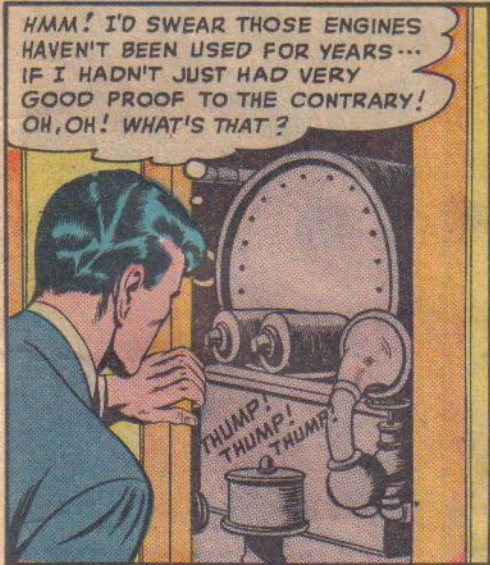


A few minutes later...

THEY MUST BE SURE THEIR TRICK WORKED! NOT A SOUL ON GUARD! NOW FOR A QUICK LOOK AROUND!

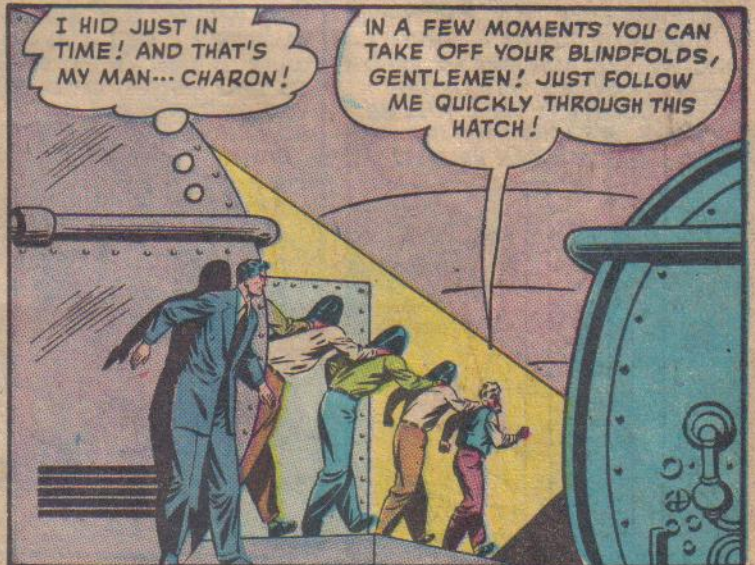


HMM! I'D SWEAR THOSE ENGINES HAVEN'T BEEN USED FOR YEARS... IF I HADN'T JUST HAD VERY GOOD PROOF TO THE CONTRARY! OH, OH! WHAT'S THAT?



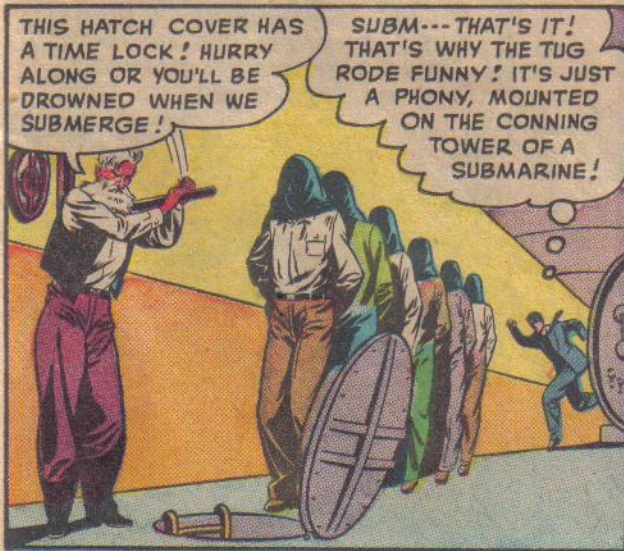
I HID JUST IN TIME! AND THAT'S MY MAN... CHARON!

IN A FEW MOMENTS YOU CAN TAKE OFF YOUR BLINDFOLDS, GENTLEMEN! JUST FOLLOW ME QUICKLY THROUGH THIS HATCH!



THIS HATCH COVER HAS A TIME LOCK! HURRY ALONG OR YOU'LL BE DROWNED WHEN WE SUBMERGE!

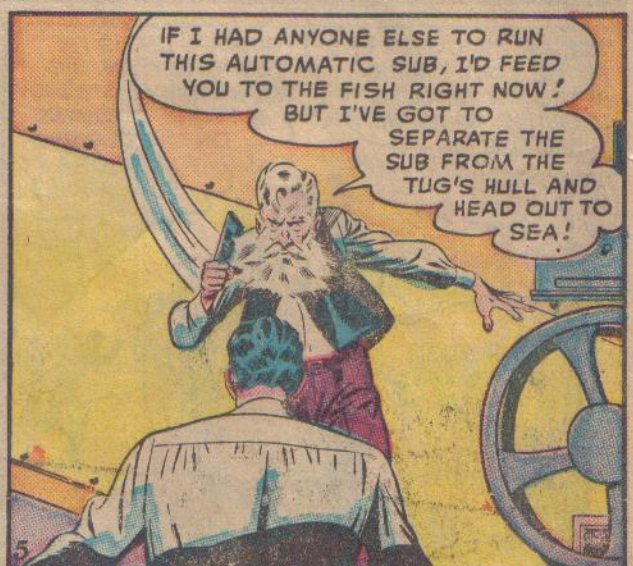
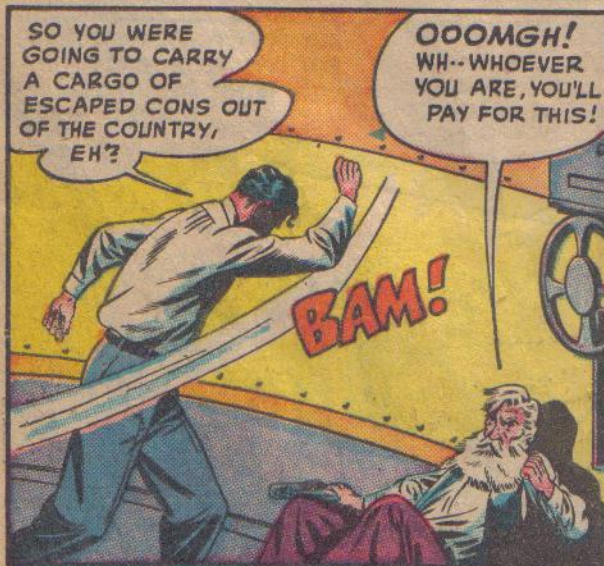
SUBM--- THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHY THE TUG RODE FUNNY! IT'S JUST A PHONY, MOUNTED ON THE CONNING TOWER OF A SUBMARINE!

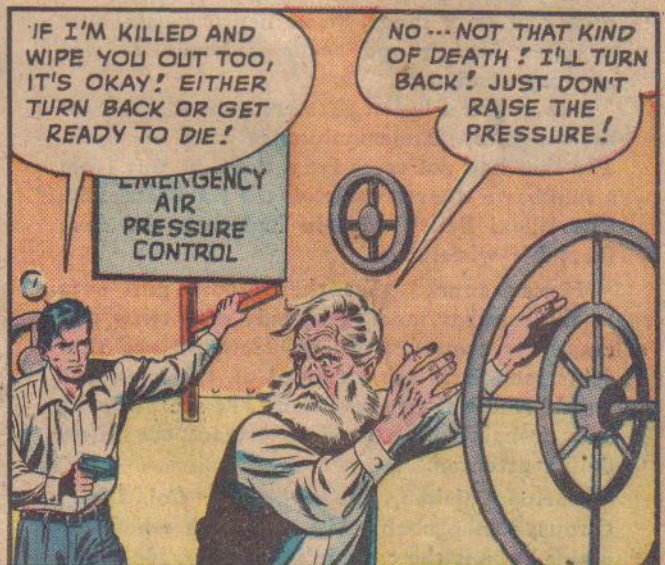
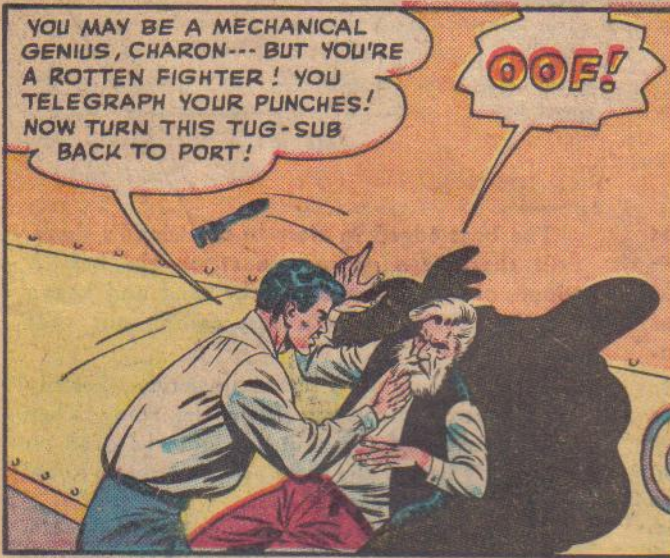


NOT EXACTLY A FAIR FIGHT, BUT IT'S NECESSARY... IF I'M RIGHT ABOUT THIS SETUP!

UGH!







The BARKER AND THE BANDITS

THE Biloxi Belle steamed slowly down the broad, yellow Mississippi, the paddle wheels at her stern turning with monotonous regularity. Aboard the boat was an odd assortment of people and animals—Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus.

People of the Mississippi bayou country seldom got a glimpse of such a circus. One reason why Col. Lane always enjoyed giving his shows along the Big Muddy. But it had been a long time since he had traveled this circuit.

At nightfall, the show troupe gathered on deck and sang songs, while negro roustabouts hummed background accompaniment. It was all very romantic.

But, when a bullet shattered one of the cabin windows, pandemonium reigned on deck. The shot had not come from the ship, but from a sandbar a quarter-mile off the starboard side. The Biloxi Belle's captain had seen the flash from his wheelhouse.

He announced that they would pull over to the sandbar, and everybody was tense and ready for some excitement. He explained that folks sometimes got stranded on the bars, and would starve if not taken off. The shot, he said, had probably been fired to attract the Biloxi Belle's attention.

Carnie Calahan, the barker for Col. Lane's Circus, was probably the only man who complained about the captain's curiosity. He didn't know why he felt it would be dangerous to alter the course of the ship, but he spoke about it to the Colonel.

"But it's happened before, probably many times," Col. Lane said. "What are you worried about?"

"I don't know, Colonel," Carnie replied. "I just am. Call it intuition, or something."

The big searchlight on the bow picked out their destination in short order. The island was really a large bar, covered with tall reeds. On it, there was no sign of anyone, or any boat. Even when the captain tooted his whistle, there was no response.

"The poor devil is probably either hurt or too weak to signal," he said to Carnie and the Colonel, as they watched from the wheelhouse. But Carnie Calahan didn't share the captain's opinion.

The boat edged in close to the island's shore. Still there was no movement on the bar. A couple of sailors leaped to the sand and began scouting through the reeds, calling out that help was at hand.

But suddenly two dozen unshaven, heavily armed men jumped out from the reeds. They leaped on board the ship and got the drop on everybody before the crew and passengers knew what was happening.

"What's the meaning of this?" roared the captain. "It's piracy, that's what it is—and I'll have your hides for it!"

"Shut up, you old goat!" retorted one of the boarders. "We ain't gonna hurt anybody if they do like we say. But we'll blast the fust one who tries any monkeyshines! Understand?" The man, a big bearded fellow, surveyed the group with an evil leer.

"What do you want?" demanded the captain.

"We want the money that's in the circus man's safe, that's what we want," said the big man, evidently the leader of the band, "An' we want it now! Where's Colonel Lane!"

The colonel stepped forward. "I am Colonel Lane," he said quietly. "And you may have the money if you'll promise not to harm anyone."

Several members of the boarding party laughed raucously.

"Lissen to him!" cried one. "He's tellin' us what we should and shouldn't do—an' us with the guns!"

But the bandit leader had not figured on the plucky caliber of Col. Lane's show troupe. As he followed the Colonel across the deck, he walked smack into a heavy body. Down on the deck he went, the breath knocked out of him.

It was Lena, the fat lady, who pretending to be unaware of the situation, attempted to apologize as the leader struggled to his feet.

"Wha's a matter wit' you, you big hunk?" demanded the irate pirate. "Fer a penny I'd let some air into that balloon you use fer a carcass!"

Lena only smiled as she waddled out of his way.

The leader lurched on, following Col. Lane,

NATIONAL COMICS

who had reached his ticket wagon in the stern of the ship. The colonel was puffing mightily as he mounted the wagon's six steps and went inside. A dim light over his desk revealed the safe in its customary corner.

The bandit leader clumped up the steps and peered inside. Spotting the safe, he grunted with satisfaction.

"Get her open, quick!" he snapped. He flourished his gun.

Just then several large snakes began wriggling across the floor of the wagon, slithering toward the bandit. Wide-eyed, he let out a yowl, and began firing wildly at the floor.

Several of his mob raced along the deck, attracted by the noise. All of them brandished guns and knives.

But just then the bandit leader fell out of the ticket wagon on his back, and Shali, the snake charmer, hiding behind some drapes in the wagon, chuckled softly. Her snakes had performed just right. The big thug was scared to death of them.

"Shali, are you there?" asked Col. Lane.

"Yes, Colonel," Shali said. "How did you like the little snake stunt?"

"Fine," said the Colonel, "but what good can it do? They'll all be here in a moment." The colonel was visibly disturbed.

Now another voice spoke, from a small window over the colonel's desk: "Take it easy, Colonel," came the advice. "We have another little surprise planned!"

It was Spudo, the four-armed man.

When someone began firing a revolver out on deck, Spudo, who had poked his head through the window, withdrew it and disappeared.

All this action had taken place with only deck lights to illuminate the scene. Now the lights went out all over the ship, and darkness hid the ship and the river beyond.

Then fighting broke out among members of the boarding party. They didn't know whether they were tangling with friend or enemy, so, eager for a scrap, they tangled with the nearest person.

"This is what I'd hoped for," whispered Carnie Calahan to Major Midge, the midget of the show. "You run this line around the colonel's wagon and hurry back here. Be quiet about it. Not that those devils would hear you right now."

"Okay, Carnie," said Midge. "I'm off."

While Midge was thus engaged, Tiny, the strong man, was also busy. He had broken out

some special stores seldom used by the circus, but effective, he thought, for this kind of emergency. Now he quickly and silently set these up, ready for use.

Meantime the barker hooked electric wires to three long tubes pointing upward from the stern of the ship. Then he attached a fuse to the thin line Major Midge had tied around the Colonel's wagon.

But the fighting had died down among the bandits, because their eyes had now become accustomed to the sudden darkness. Organized again, they began yelling for their leader.

"Hey, Meggs, where the devil are you?" yelled one.

"Turn on them lights!" another shouted.

But the darkness still reigned aboard the Biloxi Belle.

Up in the wheelhouse the captain was nervously waiting for the barker to put his plan in action. The captain wasn't at all sure that it would work, but there was nothing else to do but let Carnie try it. He sat near the speaking tube near the wheel. A voice came over it abruptly.

"Yes," said the captain.

It was the voice of the barker. "We're all set, Captain!" Carnie said. "You be ready with the searchlight. Major Midge will set off the fireworks. Here goes!"

Suddenly a blinding flash of green fire swooped around the colonel's ticket wagon like a coil of emerald flame. Simultaneously, three red rockets soared high into the sky, breaking and falling in a startling display of red brilliance.

The panicky bandits yelled and roared. The flash caught Meggs, their leader, just as he was tugging the safe through the door of the ticket wagon. He stood out in the green brilliance like some grotesque bear.

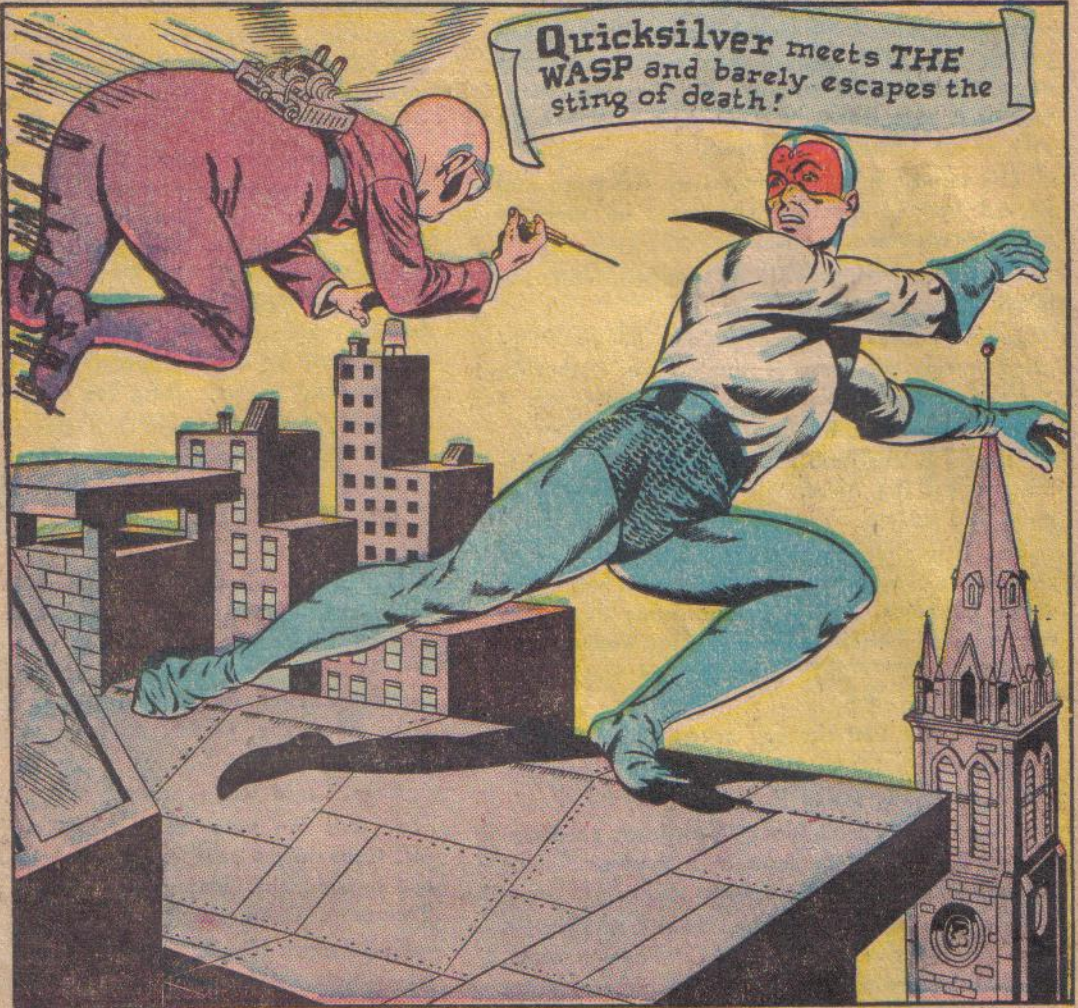
Meggs whirled, his eyes blazing in the glow of greenness.

Before he could speak, several shots rang out from the direction of the river. Then the deck was swept by the ship's powerful searchlight. It caught the bandits standing in various attitudes of complete surprise.

Over the rail poured a dozen river policemen. They had worked their boat up noiselessly to the side of the ship. It was a complete coup. The police covered the shaggy men and disarmed them. In a moment they were helpless prisoners.

"Well," said the barker, "that's the first time Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus used fireworks to foil a bunch of pirates."

QUICKSILVER



Quicksilver meets THE WASP and barely escapes the sting of death!



I INVENTED THE WASP SAFETY DEVICE FOR YOUR AUTOGYROS! IT'S MADE A FORTUNE! I WANT MY MONEY!

EVIDENTLY, YOU DIDN'T READ THE CONTRACT BEFORE SIGNING IT, WASP!

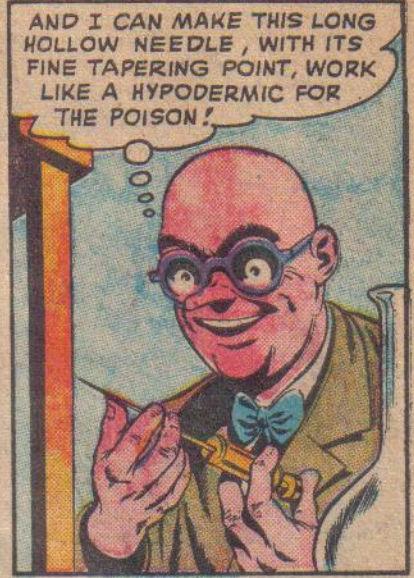
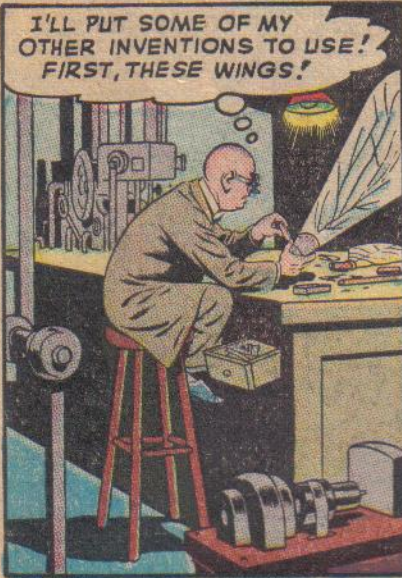


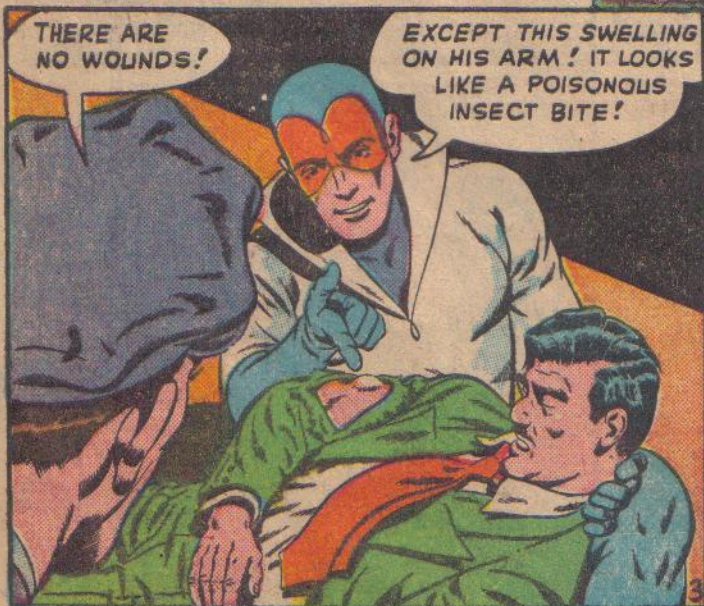
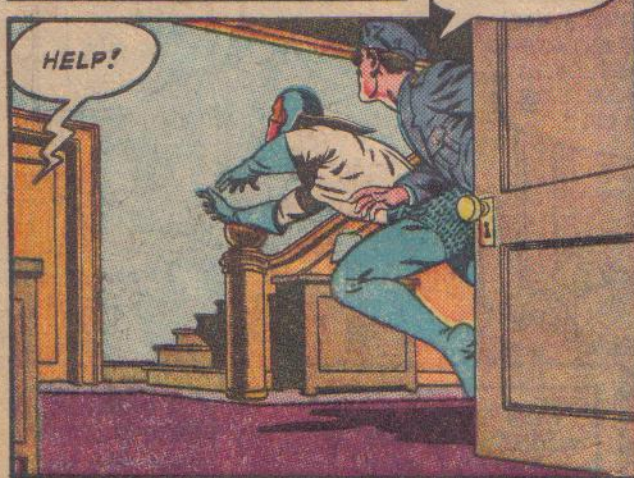
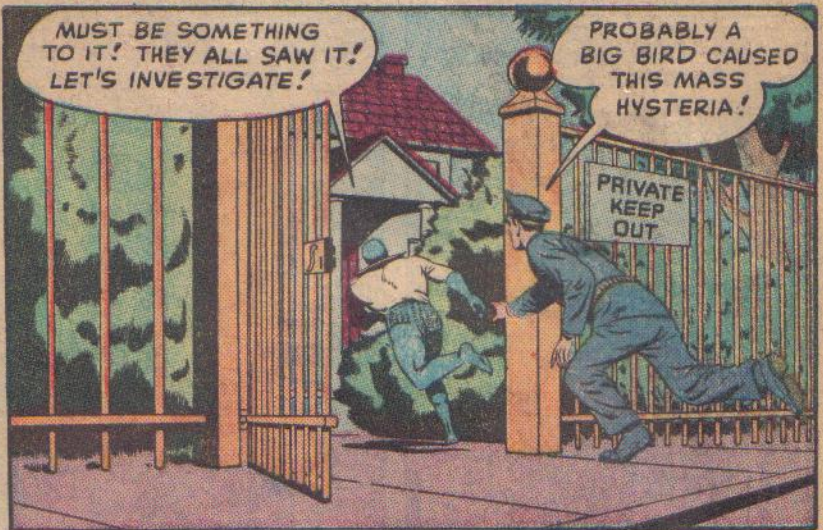
YOU WON'T GET A CENT! NOW SCRAM, PEST!

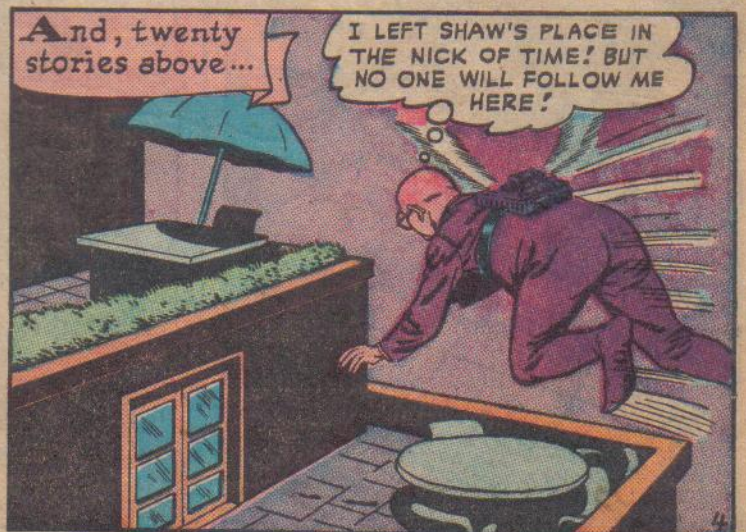
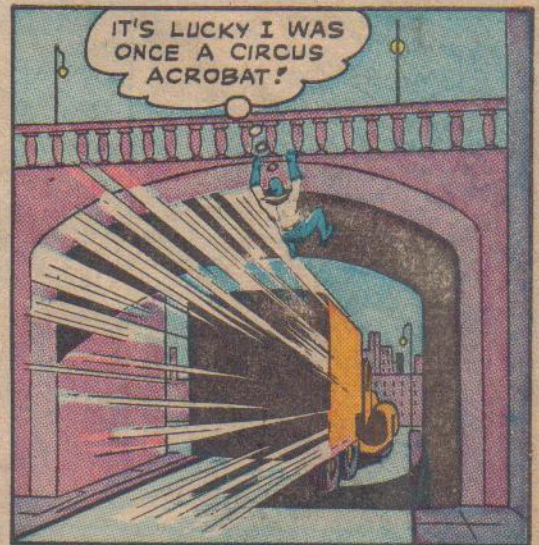
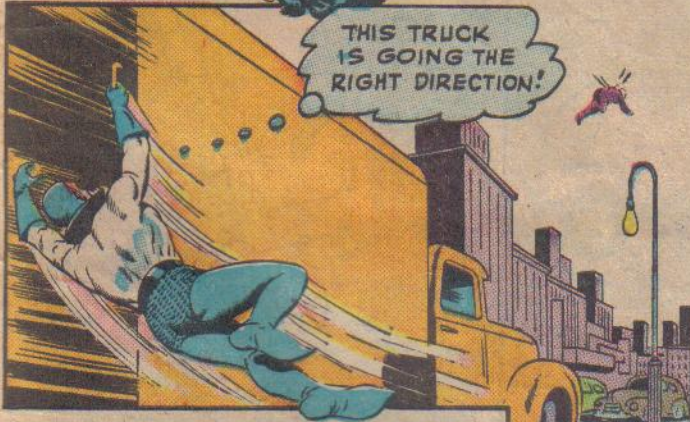
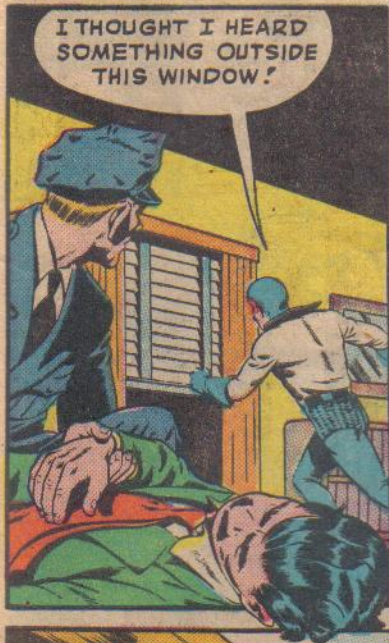
YOU SWINDLER!

HA, HA, HA!

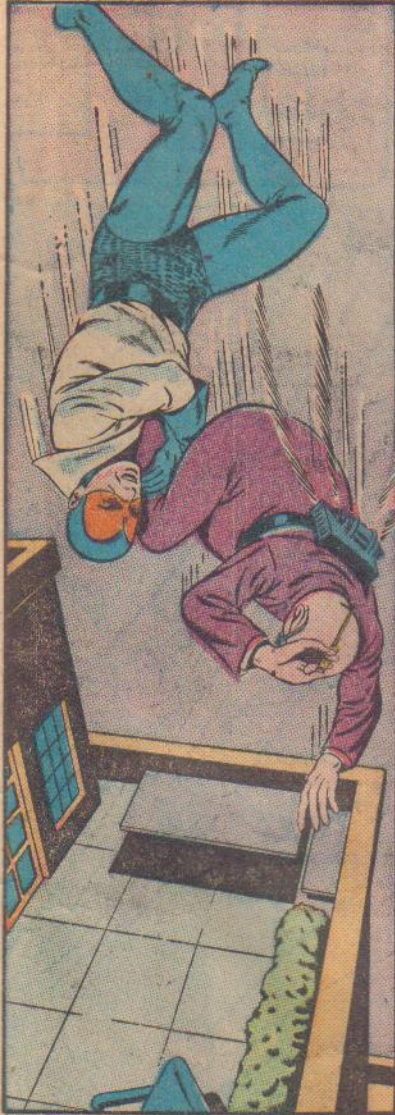
I'LL GET EVEN, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!







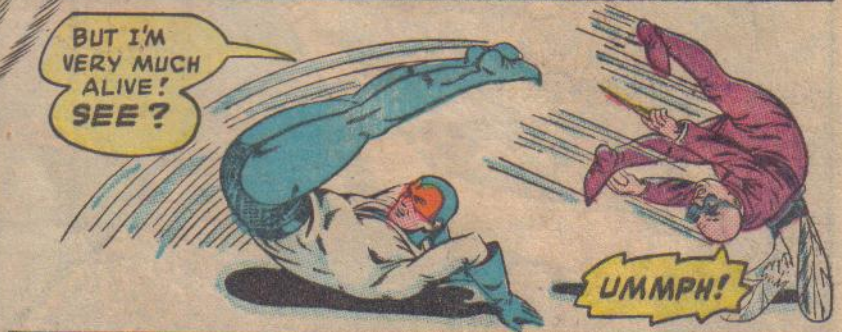




YOUR WING IS
BROKEN! YOU
WON'T GO
FAR!

BUT YOU WILL,
AFTER YOU FEEL
THE STING OF
DEATH!

BUT I'M
VERY MUCH
ALIVE!
SEE?



UMMPH!



THE NEEDLE... I'VE
POISONED
MYSELF!

STOP!



THERE IS NO
ANTIDOTE! I'M
DONE FOR!

QUICKSILVER!
WHAT...



Later...

THAT'S THE STORY,
QUICKSILVER! I
WANTED TO CUT
WASP IN, BUT SHAW
WOULDN'T DO IT! ANYWAY,
I'M READY TO TAKE MY
MEDICINE!

I HOPE YOU'VE
ALREADY TAKEN
IT, MR. LANE!



WHEN YOU DO
BUSINESS FROM
NOW ON, REMEMBER
THAT THERE IS
AN ANTIDOTE FOR
GREED...
GENEROSITY!

NATIONAL COMICS

Sally O'NEIL



Thus ended a night of terror for Sally O'Neil, Policewoman, after a man-beast left a trail of blood which led to her very door!

But who was the LEOPARD MAN?

It all began many miles away...

ANOTHER LETTER FROM SANDERS! EACH COMES FROM A DIFFERENT CITY, WITH A POST-OFFICE BOX FOR RETURN ADDRESS!



WELL, THIS IS THE ANSWER HE'S GETTING FROM ME!



I don't have the money you demand. I am sending a check for two hundred. If this all I have. If this keeps up, I'll find you and kill you. *Haines*

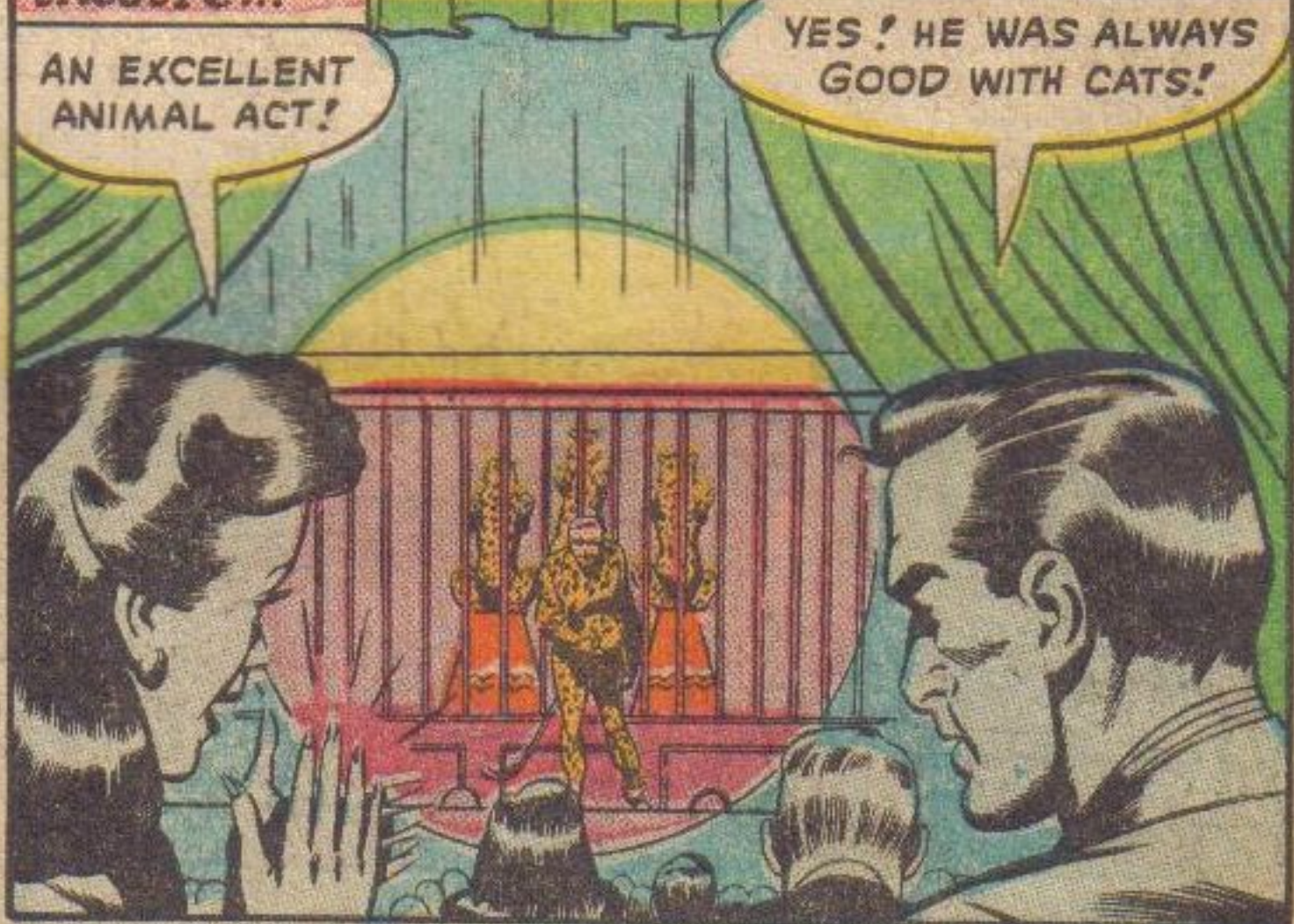
"FIND YOU AND KILL YOU"! WHY NOT? AFTER NINE YEARS OF TORMENT, WHY NOT?



A few nights later, Sally O'Neil attends the theatre...

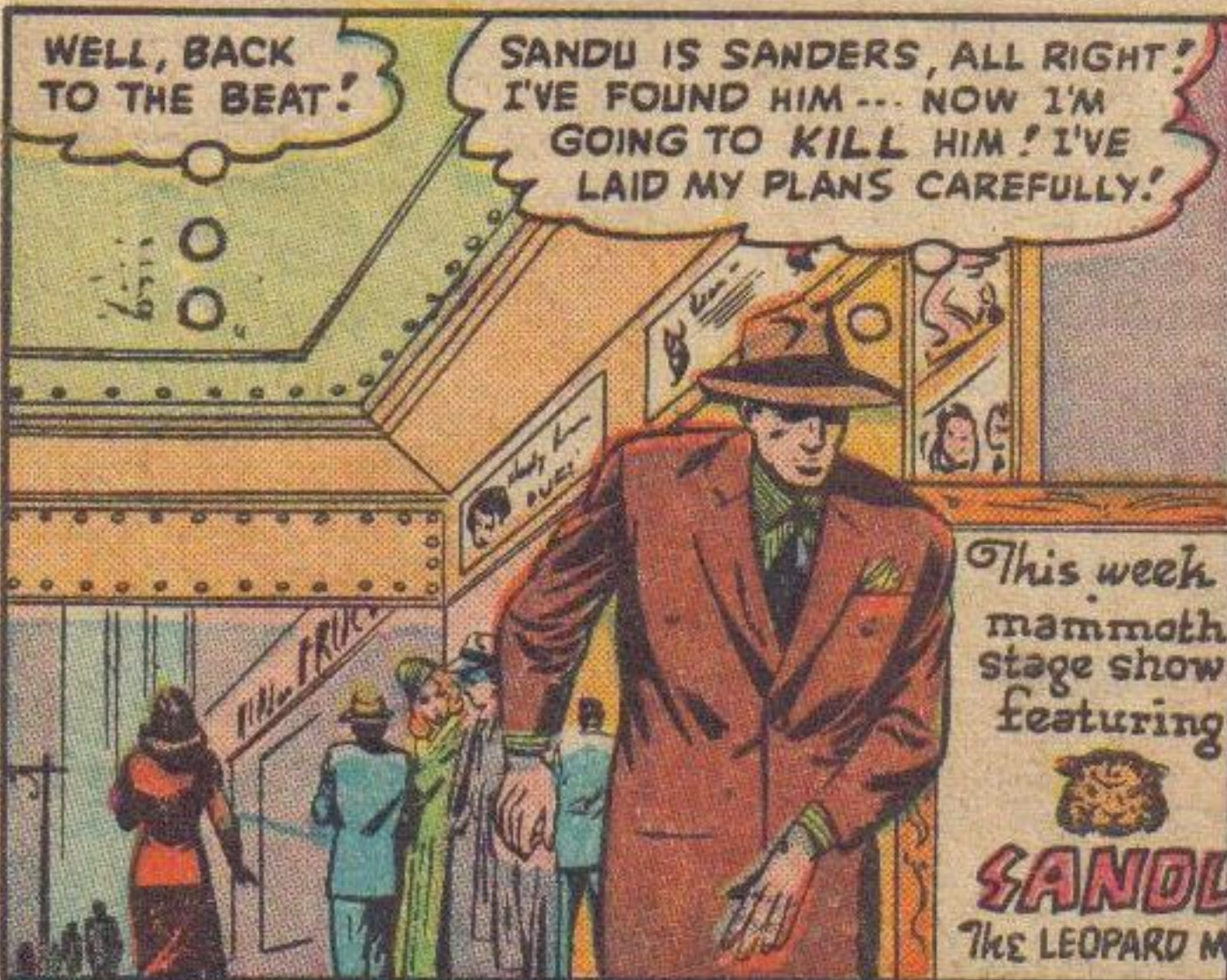
AN EXCELLENT ANIMAL ACT!

YES! HE WAS ALWAYS GOOD WITH CATS!



WELL, BACK TO THE BEAT!

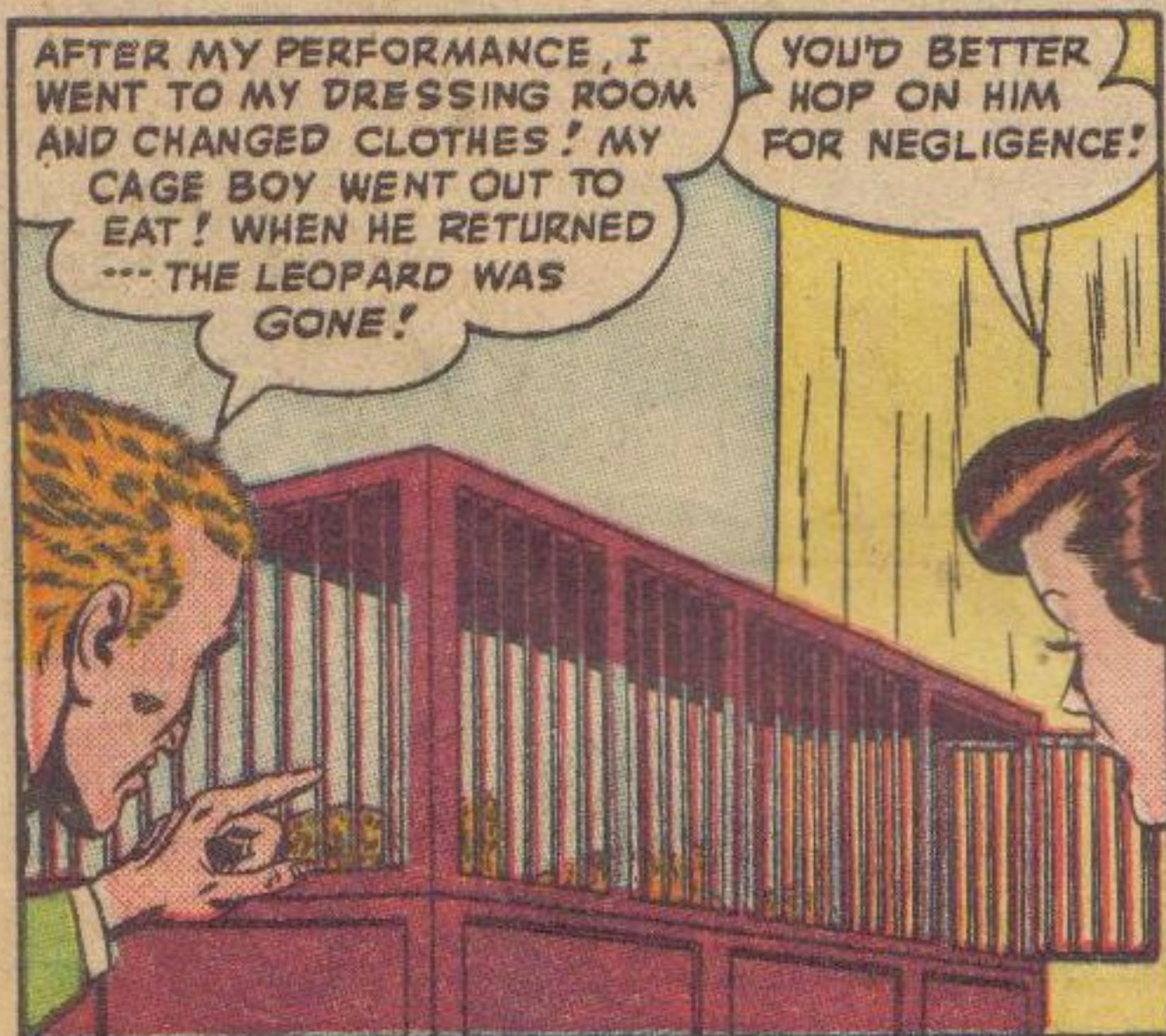
SANDU IS SANDERS, ALL RIGHT! I'VE FOUND HIM --- NOW I'M GOING TO KILL HIM! I'VE LAID MY PLANS CAREFULLY!



SALLY, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE! GO TO THE STAR THEATRE ... THERE'S A LEOPARD ON THE LOOSE!

WHAT?







HE DROPPED A... WHAT'S THIS? HMM... IT APPEARS SANDU'S BEEN BLACK-MAILING SOMEONE NAMED HAINES!



SANDU! COME BACK! YOU'RE ON IN THREE MINUTES!

OH... ER... SURE!

I USED TO HANDLE AN ANIMAL ACT! I'LL DO IT! THEN I CAN LEAVE UNNOTICED WHEN IT'S OVER!



TH- THEY FOUND THE LEOPARD!

YOU SEEM UPSET! COULD IT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS NOTE YOU DROPPED?

Alice

GRRRR!



GIVE THAT TO ME!

SANDU! I WENT TO CALL YOU... AND... LON IS IN YOUR DRESSING ROOM... DEAD!



SANDU... STOP!



KELLY, QUICK! STOP SANDU!

HE'S BEEN STOPPED, SALLY... BY THE LEOPARD! WE FOUND HIM... CLAWED TO DEATH!



OUR KILLER IS NOT GENTLE ALICE! BUT IT COULD BE HAINES, THE WRITER OF THIS NOTE!

TWO MEN HAVE BEEN MURDERED AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THE MURDERER LOOKS LIKE... OR WHERE TO FIND HIM!





WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER
AND STOPS
QUICKER!



If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life — Dependable performance —
Fewer parts — Easy to put together and
take apart — Sealed against dirt and water.

LOOK
for the
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

NEW! *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 **ELECTRIC BASEBALL**

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 482 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME - DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!




SAYS DAD... THE COACH

HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!

GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD

HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!



WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

OH, BOY! LET'S GO!

HEY, THAT'S KEEN!



I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE. YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!



WE WANT A HOME RUN!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!



Big 14 x 16 in.

STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY

Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL

HOME RUN **FLY** **OUT** **SLUG** **DOUBLE**

OUTS RECORDER

UMPIRE RULES ON CLOSE PLAYS

LONG LIFE BATTERY

LAMPS LIGHT TO SHOW! PLAY

ALL GAMES POSTPAID



Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and booming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play... It's the last of the 9th... score tied... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

\$3 00 POSTPAID

Special Price! If you act today you can get your game at the special pre-season price of \$3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin \$1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance \$2.00 on delivery. **WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
482 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

\$3 00	\$2 50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

COD. Send \$1. Postman collects balance.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"ROUNDING UP
THE RUSTLERS"



WHILE VACATIONING OUT WEST, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE ENJOYING THE SIGHTS, WHEN SUDDENLY...

SAY, ROYAL, WHO'S KICKING UP ALL THAT DUST DOWN THERE IN THE VALLEY?

RUSTLERS! AND THE POSSE'S NOT FAR BEHIND!



AND AS ROYAL WATCHES THE CHASE THROUGH HIS GLASSES, HE SEES...

GOOD! THE POSSE CAN'T FIGURE WHICH WAY WE WENT!

WELL, KEEP RIDIN'... WE AIN'T SAFE TILL WE GET THROUGH THE GORGE UP AHEAD...



FELLAS, YOU TWO BIKE DOWN AND TELL THE POSSE TO HEAD FOR THE GORGE...I'LL HAVE A NICE SURPRISE THERE WAITING FOR THEM!



NOW IF I CAN JUST GET TO THE TOP OF THAT GORGE BEFORE THOSE CATTLE-THIEVES GET TO THE BOTTOM!

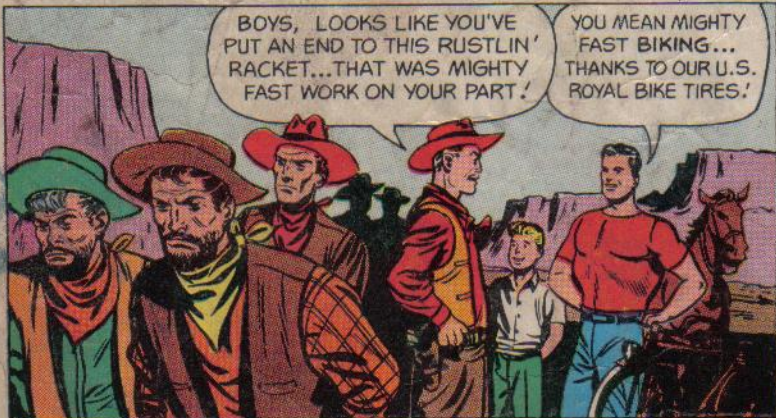


I MADE IT! THESE ROCKS WILL FORCE THEM TO TURN BACK...RIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF THE POSSE!



BOYS, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE PUT AN END TO THIS RUSTLIN' RACKET...THAT WAS MIGHTY FAST WORK ON YOUR PART!

YOU MEAN MIGHTY FAST BIKING... THANKS TO OUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



FELLAS, SPEED AND SAFETY ARE REALLY "BUILT INTO" U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES-- WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES-- TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"...SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF FIRM FOOTING... SAFE, QUICK STOPS...MAXIMUM MILEAGE... PERFECT CONTROL--BE SURE TO GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MAKES THEM TOPS IN TIRES.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



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